

LONDON SOCIETY.

JUNE, 1866.

THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS:

And how she was Won and Lost.



WE were inconveniently situated, Phil and I. In a situation indeed that would have rendered more susceptible individuals in a state of mind quite unfit to enjoy the Christmas festivities so closely approaching.

Phil had been, I must say, awfully extravagant; and much as I sympathized with him, I could not blame the 'gov'nor' for sending him a cheque for 50*l.*, with the information that he might right himself as he could, for that he (the 'gov'nor') was sick of paying his bills and setting him going again, and was firmly resolved to wash his hands of the whole 'affair.'

The 'affair,' who happened to be

seated beside my fire, with a glass of brandy and water near him, and a meerschaum in his mouth, folded up the cheque carefully and slipped it in his waistcoat pocket, and then tearing up the paternal letter, quietly relighted his meerschaum with it.

'It's shabby of the gov'nor, I must say,' he said, with a patience that, compared with my indignant disappointment, was Job-like and beautiful. 'But it's no use making a row about it, so there we are where we were before.'

'It won't even pay your tailor's bill,' I muttered; thinking selfishly to myself, 'much less leave you a pound to lend me.'

'Of course it won't; the gov'nor

didn't intend it should. It's a Christmas box,' Phil answered seriously, smoking away like a Turk.

I pointed to a little basket that lay beside my writing table. 'I don't know how full yours is,' I said solemnly, 'but mine won't hold any more. I've about a dozen by each post from those confounded tradesmen, graduating in insolence.'

'So have I, for that matter,' interrupted Phil. 'But I never read them. I never could stand being blackguarded, and that's what dunning's been allowed to reach in a country that prides itself on its freedom and its constitution. Why,' continued Phil, warming with his subject, and gesticulating in a manner that lent additional grandeur to his sentiments, 'don't we pride ourselves on the sacredness of the domestic hearth? Is not every man's house his castle? And yet, through the medium of this liberal, this enlightened government, the post is allowed to invade its sanctity, and pour on the pure white breakfast cloth a heap of insults, sufficient to make the blood boil within one, and spoil one's digestion for the day!'

'There should be some law,' added Phil, more quietly, and sinking back meditatively in his chair, 'to prevent this intrusion on a man's privacy—some fine or even heavy punishment should be inflicted for transmitting, by such means, insults dishonouring equally to the British tradesman and British gentleman. Blackguarding's forbidden in the streets, why should it be permitted in our homes?'

'Never mind the whys and the wherefores,' I answered, rather crossly, 'the thing is, and there's an end of it. The question is, Phil, what are we to do? Do you know I'm deucedly hard up?'

My friend did not answer for at least twelve whiffs; then he said in his calmest manner—

'You're not of a reflective disposition unfortunately, Jack, or else I should recommend you to light your pipe and leave it to Fate to suggest some idea. With me the case is different. Provide me with a weed

and a glass of grog, and if you were to perch me at the top of Mont Blanc, or plunge me in the depths of a coal mine, reflection would claim me as her own.'

'I think then, my dear Phil,' I replied, with the shadow of a sneer, 'it is time you set your reflective powers to work. Fifty pounds won't do you much service, if I am rightly informed as to the extent of your liabilities.'

'I am perfectly aware of that, and yet you see I am calm as a marble Jupiter. Such is the force of my self-reliance.'

'Come Phil, what's up?' I exclaimed in a coaxing tone, for I knew enough of my friend's affairs to value his self-reliance at its proper worth.

Phil raised his glass to his lips, and for a moment there was silence. Then laying it down, he said energetically, 'Jack, I am disgusted with my kind! I feel almost Byronic.'

'So do I,' I grimly responded.

'There are times,' continued Phil, again falling into those gesticulations which he had acquired at the best private theatricals, 'when I feel that I could almost—' I thought he was going to say 'commit suicide,' and as I was contemplating entering the Church, I thought it an excellent opportunity to begin preaching; but he only added, after another communication with the glass beside him, 'Marry!'

'Good heavens!' I said fervently. 'At your age, Philip! Why you must be mad; besides Blanche has not got anything, and she's awfully extravagant, I warn you, and with not an idea of sewing even a button on a fellow's shirt. You'd better go back to the coal mine, or ascend Mont Blanc, and think again.'

'Your glass must have been stiffish, Jack, you're uncommonly witty. However (not for the first time either) you're hitting a little beside the mark. I did not mean marry Blanche, poor dear! Much as I adore her, I am perfectly aware that "nothing a year and find yourself" would neither suit her nor me.'

'Then what do you mean? I hate guessing riddles—speak out.' I fear I did not speak with my usual

amiability, but circumstances were trying and so was Phil, particularly when he had on the 'marble Jupiter' mood.

Instead of answering, my friend took from his pocket a small note written on delicate pink paper, and scented with the delightful odour that had once been sweeter than the rose to my senses, as pervading every article that had the felicity of belonging to Gertrude Thornly, Phil's youngest sister.

This he threw at me in a manner that, had he not been my dearest friend (and Gerty's brother), I should have quarrelled with him on the spot.

Smoothing it out, for the wretch had crumpled it up in a way that he certainly would not have done Blanche's embossed notes, I cast my eyes over the dashing caligraphy, and after some difficulty, for I must say Gerty wrote with the same dash she did everything, I made out the following:—

Thornly Hall, Dec.

'MY DEAREST PHIL,

'What have you been doing, you silly extravagant boy, to put papa so horribly out of sorts? He has not spoken a civil word to any one since he got your letter; and when I asked him how you were, and what news you gave, he spouted out some very naughty words, which made the Rev. Mr. Blink, who was dining with us, use his handkerchief vigorously. Now, my dear Phil, you really should not do whatever you have been doing, and I hope you won't again. I and Blanche were talking it over last night, when we were undressing (Blanche came over to stay a day or two, yesterday), and she thinks it may be that you have been spending too much, which of course one is apt to do when things are so dear, and dressmakers so exorbitant in their prices; and papa should not expect one to buy everything and give to charity sermons too. And Blanche says her papa is as bad, and she only wishes for your sake and her own she was a Queen of Diamonds. By-the-by, that reminds me, the Queen of Diamonds, Miss Rowney, is coming to stay with us at Christmas; and so is Captain

Johnson, and Clara, and all the Holmeses; so I hope you will manage to get away too, as you do make theatricals go off so well. And now good-bye,

Your affectionate sister,

'GERTRUDE THORNLÝ.

'P.S.—Don't do it any more, for papa is so cross.'

I was so interested in the perusal of that note—taking me back as it did in the presence of that being, who, to my mind, was the sweetest woman I had ever met—so engrossed with the pleasant fancy, that I again heard her gay laugh and happy fresh voice, almost indeed felt the flutter of her ribbons, as during those few days of the preceding September—that I continued gazing at the writing, and forgot that my friend was waiting my comments on it.

'Well!' at length he said.

I started.

'Well!' he repeated; 'do you understand now my meaning?'

'I must confess that I do not.'

Philip's lip curled contemptuously, but he was too lazy to be more violently abusive.

'I suppose you can understand that Blanche Grey is not a Queen of Diamonds, however much her devotion to me, dear angel, may make her wish it.'

I did understand that perfectly, knowing that Miss Grey was the daughter of one of the greatest spendthrifts going, who never had a penny to pay cash for anything; but what all this nonsense about queens and diamonds meant, I was still as much in the dark as ever, and I said so frankly.

Phil still looked contemptuous, but he condescended to be more lucid.

'Gerty writes abominably,' he said, puffing out his cigar smoke in that imperial manner that Jupiter would probably have rolled out his, had the blessing of tobacco been known on High Olympus; 'but she's a sensible girl for all that, and with an eye to business, which she most certainly inherits from the paternal side. She means kindly to hint to me that if I am in

difficulties I could not do better than make up to Diana Rowney. She goes rather round about, and brings in Blanche in a way I do not quite like, but she means well, I dare say.

Now, knowing as I did, that Gerty Thornly was the frankest, simplest, heartiest girl in the world, and the bosom friend of Blanche Grey, I felt this translation of her letter to fit in to the suggestion of his own mercenary thoughts malicious in the extreme, and I girded myself up (figuratively of course, for it was after dinner), for a combat in her defence.

But Phil raised himself immediately, and energetically for him. 'Don't, for heaven's sake, don't! I know all you are going to say, and I am in a mood in which it would drive me to distraction. No; let us be sensible, Jack, and talk things over without any romantic sentimentalism.'

'That's what I have been wishing you to do for the last hour,' I answered crossly.

Phil waved his pipe in that calm oratorical manner which I knew prefaced a rather lengthy speech; so I lay back and made myself comfortable.

'Jack,' said Phil, in the way he would have said, 'Mr. Speaker,' in addressing the House of Commons. 'Jack, we are in difficulties; I may say difficulties of an intricacy which even passes our powers of solution. Those difficulties, however, all centre in the one point, want of money; and the question is how to supply this want.'

'Come, Phil, you're getting prosy,' I remarked.

'It's a prosy subject. I am not a Gladstone, and finance is a subject I abhor. Why not, therefore, turn it into something more romantic? Now I know Diana Rowney is not to compare with Blanche in a robe de chambre, but in her ball dress, with all her fortune flashing about her, she is perfectly dazzling. Blanche fades to a mere shadow.'

'I wish you would explain who this Diana Rowney is, and what you mean about her diamonds,' I interrupted a little testily, for, truth to tell, I was beginning to fear that Phil

had some prize in view which I could not share.

'Why I thought the girls had told you about her. She is the daughter of some Indian merchant who made a fortune, and then just before he died turned it all into diamonds, which he left to his daughter on the condition that she did not attempt to sell them before she married. He made her take an oath, I believe, at least so she says, and she lives moderately on 60*l.* a-year, whilst she keeps her fortune in her jewel casket.'

'How much are they worth?' I inquired, with interest; 'and what kind of a girl is she?'

'You had better come down to Thornly Hall, and judge for yourself.'

As he spoke, Phil fixed his eye on me in a manner that I knew had a deep meaning.

'Well,' I said, 'what?'

'Shall we make a bargain, Jack? We've held to each through a good deal; shall we hold on still? We both want money, we both have a fancy for—well perhaps for a prettier girl than Diana Rowney; suppose we agree to toss up who is to be the sacrifice, and agree that the other shall receive a thousand pounds on the wedding day.'

'Phil! what a horrible, almost immoral idea!' I exclaimed virtuously.

'Well, I did not say it was agreeable, or particularly moral, did I? All I say is, it is necessary for me to get money somehow, even if I have to do something as bad as marrying an heiress. There!'

And Phil reared up his great person, gave his moustache a savage pull, and prepared to put on his greatcoat.

The result of that conversation was that, on the 21st of December a couple of tall (and though I say it, who should not), good-looking fellows, took first-class tickets by the Great Western down to Bridgewater.

I must also confess that on the previous night, after having passed a dreary hour looking over my entangled accounts, Philip had also contrived to beguile me into that

immoral 'toss up,' which was to decide whether the heiress or the thousand pounds were to be mine; and I was in uncommonly good spirits from having won the money. I could still meet Gerty Thornly with a free conscience.

Phil, I must say, bore his fate with a calmness truly philosophic; but I noticed even he avoided the subject of Blanche Grey, and if he ever mentioned love or women, spoke of them in a Byronic manner quite painful to hear. His feelings, however, must have been rather tried when, on arriving at Bridgewater, we found a whole party from the Hall come to meet us, amongst whom was Miss Grey, but not the Queen of Diamonds.

They kept up the old style of things at Thornly Hall. There were plenty of servants, good table, silver plate, and Christmas festivities; and besides this there were daughters with moderate portions, timber that must not be cut, and an eldest son, who, unfortunately for himself, was not Phil. I knew all this; and I was accustomed to the ways of the place, and I went to my room to dress for dinner in a frame of mind perfectly satisfied with my own position, and indeed that of all the world.

Alas! for human selfishness! I must confess I was so engrossed with my own pleasant meditations, that I had quite or almost forgotten that Phil was about to be sacrificed; and when he just poked his head into my room, and growled that 'he had just had a talk with the gov'nor, who was still savage as a bear, and that he must go in for her,' I scarcely remembered who the 'her' was. I was a little horrified when I did remember, for I must confess I had found Gerty more charming than ever (I think winter costume, especially that black-plumed hat, became her even more than airy summer muslins), and it made me almost shudder to think how I had tempted Fate.

It is astonishing what a purifying effect female society has on our brutal, male natures. Ten minutes after I had been in the company of the Misses Thornly and Blanche

Grey round that blazing fire, whilst we waited the summons to dinner, gold had become dross in my estimation; those luxuries of bachelor life I had been accustomed to consider necessities, the most insipid vanities that a man could burden himself with debt for. I grew virtuously strong; so much so, that I blushed when I thought of the object of that Christmas visit amongst those unsuspecting damsels, and resolved to do my best to prevent this evil-doing, even at the cost of my thousand; but even as I determined the door opened, and in came Phil, in his most *distingué* toilet, with a lady. Well, she was not handsome, unless an overdoing of every feature she possessed gave her a title to beauty. She had a very large Roman nose, very large black eyes, very, very bushy black eyebrows, very black hair, very large white teeth, and very red lips—lips and teeth which made you shudder and call to mind the old story of Red Ridinghood.

'What large teeth you have, grand-mamma!'

'All the better to eat you up, my dear!'

Somehow, whenever she opened her mouth, and turned her head in the snappish way which seemed peculiar to her, I fancied she was going to say that.

All the ladies made a move as they entered.

'Come and sit near the fire, Diana' exclaimed Miss Thornly.

'Here's a cosy little corner, Di,' said Gerty.

'So there is here,' said Edith Holmes. 'Come by me, Diana.'

The Queen of Diamonds seemed a great favourite even amongst her own sex—that was comforting. However, Diana Rowney smiled graciously, and the butler at that moment announcing dinner, she accepted Phil's arm, and we all made a move to the dining-room.

Again I must acknowledge that the charms of my own position made me insensible to the trials of my friend; and it was only when he called to me, in rather a stern voice, to pass something at the dessert, that I observed, in spite of his

smiles, Phil was looking anything but contented.

Phil was a very fascinating fellow in his way, and had brass enough to give a dash to his soft attentions and sweet speeches, which quite distinguished him. He was handsome, too, and had a peculiarity about the eyes that pleased us men, so it was not to be wondered that the women adored him.

I watched him a little after that call, and I saw that he was going through the regular process with dark Diana, and apparently with success, for her great eyes were glowing like red-hot coals—I can't say stars—and she was laughing and talking, and paying him an attention as flattering as it was exclusive.

They grew a little noisy, too, and attracted general attention, approving I could see, from the bottom of the table, but not quite so much so from either Gerty or Blanche Grey. Indeed, the fair face of Miss Grey had looked very much puzzled ever since she had been at table; and Gerty now and then made wrong answers as a louder peal of laughter than usual came from Phil and Diana's corner.

Still, when Miss Thornly made the move, and the ladies left the room, Phil took his cambric handkerchief and passed it across his brow with a sigh, as if he had concluded some Herculean labour. He took a good deal of wine too afterwards.

That evening he was very assiduous in courting dark Diana, and showed, indeed, a firmness of purpose worthy of a better cause; but whether it was that the sharp fresh air of morning cooled his ardour, or that he found Diana still less inviting with that large Roman nose protruding from under a tiny black hat, I know not; but the next morning his attention fluctuated rather, and when in the morning ride his horse fell back beside Blanche, he seemed to find it difficult to urge him forward again to the assistance of Miss Rowney, who professed to be nervous on horseback; and when we happened to loiter together in the dining-room before luncheon, he

shrugged his shoulders most desperately, and whispered, 'If she would but come out with them all blazing about her, it would give me courage, Jack.'

Three days passed, however, and 'the Queen' did not come out in the 'blaze' poor Phil yearned for, as does the prisoner for sunshine. She wore a diamond brooch occasionally, which attracted our covetous gaze; but, as we both silently observed, that was not sufficiently tempting to make weight with Diana Rowney in the balance against either Gerty or Blanche.

A philosopher less interested than myself might have found a delightful combination of amusement and instruction in watching Phil's conduct those three days. He would have seen an amusing struggle between the man of the world and the man of nature; the man of wants and the man of taste. In the evening, after imbibing a certain quantity of sherry and port, Phil was Diana's slave, lounging with her in private corners, bending over her whilst she sang (songs which put your teeth on edge), decking her hair with camellias stolen from his sister's conservatory, and otherwise pursuing the object which brought us down to Thornly; but in the morning, somehow, he could not resist Blanche's attractions; and how, I know not, but we used constantly to fall into that same quartette, rambling through the leafless woods and roads in which we had contrived to pass so many hours of the last long vacation so satisfactorily.

I think the mornings made up to poor Blanche for all the puzzling desertion in the evening; and perhaps she believed what I heard Gerty assert one night, under cover of Diana's singing, 'Phil was obliged to be attentive, to please papa, you know.'

How this would have gone on—which lady would have carried the day—I know not, but I was getting rather doubtful about my thousand.

However, Christmas-eve came. There was to be a dance, and we gentlemen had gone through the usual exertion of decking the room with holly and such flowers as could

be got, and we had done the usual amount of flirtation likewise. I think the day had been trying to Phil on the whole, for I must say even I thought I had never seen Blanche look prettier than she did, now peeping through dark wreaths of laurel, now bending her golden head over the shiny holly. The opportunities, too, for love-making had been very abundant, and to have to make sweet speeches to Diana, after whispering them to blushing Blanche, must have been martyrdom, more especially when connected with a guilty conscience.

Phil did seem nervous for once in his life, and I remarked that he left the society of the drawing-room much sooner than he needed, to go and prepare for the dance; and on leaving myself for the same purpose half an hour afterwards, I saw the red spark of his cigar sauntering up and down the terrace. Now smoke in solitude proclaimed that Philip Thornly was uneasy in his mind, so I was not surprised, on descending to the ball-room some time afterwards, to find that he was still absent, nor to hear from Captain Johnson that he was still smoking away like a Turk in the cold night air.

Meanwhile the room began to fill, the music to play, and the usual routine of the ball to proceed. The scene was pretty enough to please the most fastidious eye, for the decorations were perfect, the lights admirably disposed, and certainly falling on 'fair women and brave men' in profusion; but it became dazzling when the door was thrown open, and Diana Rowney appeared in the blaze of all her fortune. Diamonds on her neck, diamonds in her ears, diamonds on her arms! Heavens! how she blazed beneath the lights, and how her great dark eyes shone with triumph as she saw the envious gaze fixed upon her.

Certainly, whether it was the fief of avarice that put me on his spectacles or not I cannot say; but somehow, that dark woman with her glittering jewels *did* seem to cast the rest into the shadow. Even fair Blanche, till then the belle (except for Gerty) of the room, seemed to fade into something dim, and I

must say I thought cheerfully of the thousand pounds. Why, those diamonds must be worth an immense sum!

Dark Diana was soon surrounded by an admiring crowd, but she refused all offers until Philip Thornly appeared, and then she accepted his arm, and took her place in a quadrille. I do not know whether it was maliciously done or not, but she manœuvred so that for her *vis-à-vis* she had Blanche Grey.

I had watched narrowly for Phil's entrance, for I would not have lost the effect of the first view of the Queen of Diamonds upon him for the world. I should be able to judge of my chance of the thousand pounds by it.

He bore the dazzling sight, however, with admirable composure; and Diana's eyes must have been more acute than mine, if she could detect either amazement, satisfaction, or admiration in the quiet glance with which he approached her and asked her to dance. Indeed he was more careless than usual; and as he led her forward, I heard him say, in an indifferent tone, 'that he had a headache, and felt hardly up to dancing.'

But he did dance—and with the Queen of Diamonds, too—to Blanche's grievous anger and astonishment; and he took her in to supper, and plied her with champagne, and quaffed copiously of the same himself; and then, when they came back again, they only took one waltz round the room, and retired to the conservatory.

Heavens! how that woman's eyes shone, as leaning heavily on Phil's arm, she passed through the glass door beside which I stood, with my arm round Blanche, taking breath for an instant.

'What are they going in there for?' Blanche said, quickly; and then she looked up in my face—and, whether she saw anything there ominous, I know not, for I felt almost as guilty as Phil, but she drew away from me, and, murmuring something about being tired, went and dropped quietly on a sofa in the corner.

I think, poor girl, she guessed all

about it; and I felt quite wretched as I looked at her, watching there from her corner that fatal door. She guessed she had lost Phil.

Gerty did too, I think; for suddenly her face lost its gaiety, and she went and sat down by Blanche, and wound her arm round her, silently, but in a manner very protecting and sympathetic.

I was not sorry when that evening came to an end; and I must acknowledge I went to my room feeling almost as guilty as if I had abetted a Gunpowder Plot.

'Come in,' I exclaimed; and the door opened, and Phil came in.

'I've done it!' he said, throwing himself on the sofa, and beginning to pull off his neckcloth as if it choked him.

'Done what?'

'Proposed to Diana Rowney: we are to be married in a month.'

I was prepared for the news, and so listened silently.

'Of course,' continued Phil, 'it's trying—very trying; not only for poor Blanche, but for me. Champagne only could have got me through it; and I see I must send an enormous supply to wherever we fix on for the honeymoon. The honeymoon!—only fancy a month of spooning on Diana, and from that to emerge into a family man! By Jove, Jack! I don't know now whether I shall have the nerve to get through it.'

He took a cigar from my box as he spoke, and began to smoke vigorously.

The position was rather embarrassing, and I really scarcely knew whether to condole with my friend or congratulate him. I took a middle course—the philosophical one.

'The diamonds are magnificent, Phil, and I dare say you'll get used to domestic life in time.'

'It wouldn't have been so bad with Blanche, perhaps; but Diana!—and then, suppose—'

Phil hesitated, and his face grew perplexed.

'Suppose what?'

'Oh, nothing; only a ridiculous idea!' But he got up as he spoke,

and lit his candle, with 'the same expression of uncomfortable perplexity; and I knew he took himself off so hastily because he was afraid of letting out the reason of it.

He came down the next morning though, looking very calm and composed; and neither he nor Diana displayed any of the usual embarrassment, when, in a slightly pompous manner, Mr. Thornly announced at the breakfast-table the happiness with which he contemplated adding so charming a daughter-in-law to his family circle. Certainly Blanche Grey was not there, having gone home with her father the night before; so there was no one to 'forbid the banns,' except Gerty, and she dared only do it by her indignant eyes.

The two went to church together, and otherwise behaved themselves like an engaged couple; and apparently all was going on in a satisfactory manner so long as I was at Thornly to keep my watch on them.

When I went back to London, I left Philip still courting away firmly and philosophically, and his last words to me at the station were, 'It's all right, Jack; as soon as possible, after the 14th of next month, you shall have your thousand.'

I saw very little of him again, till I received the important invitation. He came to my lodgings two or three times, but was always in a desperate hurry; and, beyond a hasty sentence or two, that all was going on well, he seemed to avoid reference to what neither of us had much reason to be proud of. I gathered from Gerty—who I met at a friend's, to my inexpressible delight—the intelligence that, though Philip was a good deal at the Hall, Miss Rowney did not often come; she was making a round of visits among her Irish friends previous to her marriage, it was believed; but she and Phil corresponded regularly. About settlements, Gerty did not know much; but she said Phil was quite satisfied, and papa had promised to allow him 300*l.* a year.



Engraved by George S. Smith

THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS

From the Stage

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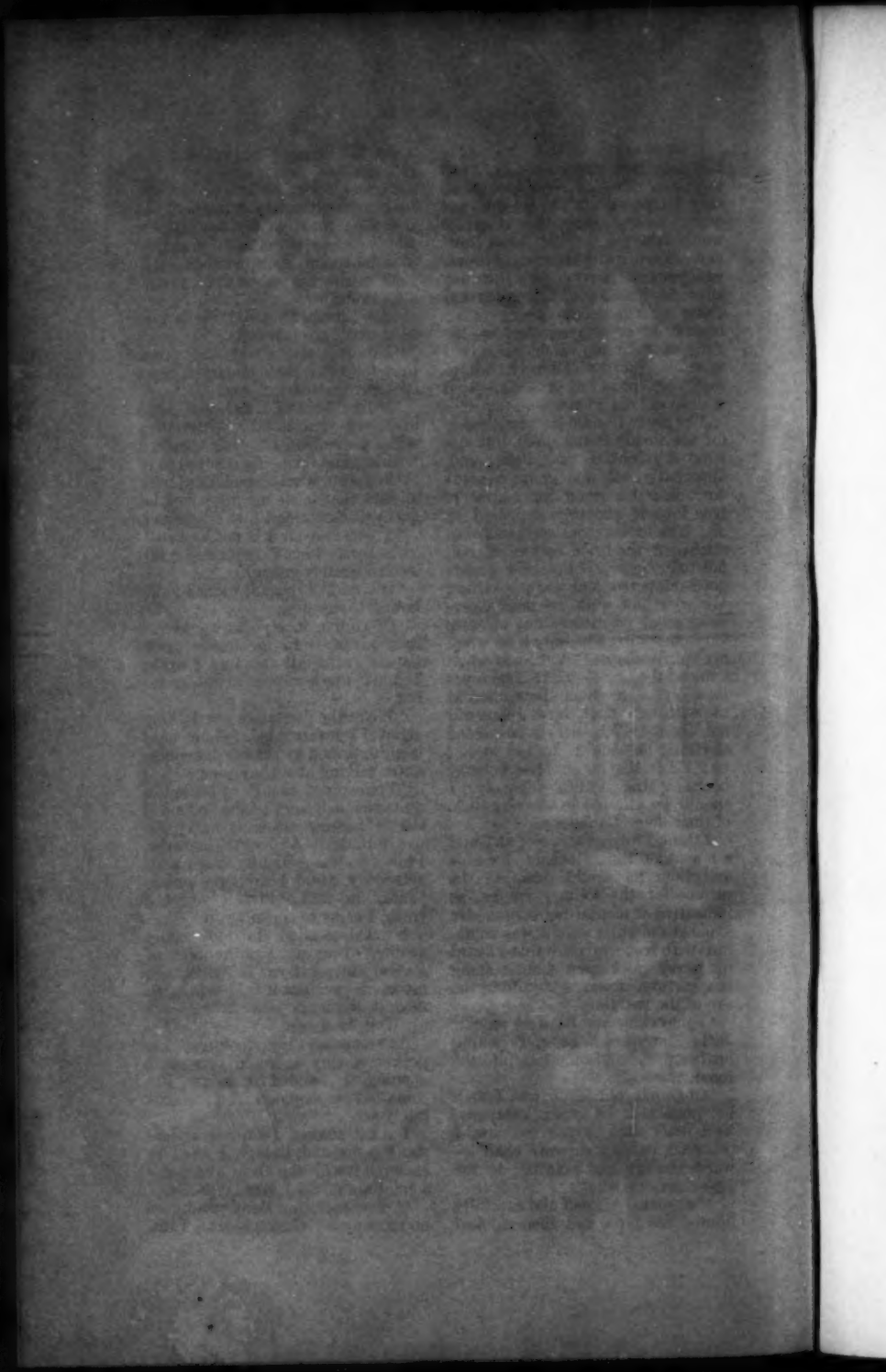


Drawn by George De Menteur.]

THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS.

[See the Story, p. 408.]

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I must say I looked forward to the 14th with some anxiety, however. In spite of things looking so easy and comfortable, I could not quite believe that the marriage would take place. That Diana Rowney would really become Philip's wife seemed impossible. But day after day passed, and I heard nothing of the affair being either broken off or delayed; and on the 12th of February I found myself travelling down to Thornly Hall, to fulfil my promise of acting best man to my old friend.

The party I found gathered ready for the wedding was small, but just what it ought to have been; and, apparently, all was going a great deal smoother than the course of true love is properly supposed to do. The bridegroom elect was very attentive; the bride very calm, and not too *exigante*; the bridesmaids good-tempered, and the papa ditto. We were not quite so merry, perhaps, as at Christmas, but we were very cheerful. The only time when my spirits flagged at all, was when I found the bride's great black eyes fixed on me, or when she smiled at me with her 'wolf' lips. Diana did not like me. Whether she suspected anything or not, I do not know; but I felt that when Miss Rowney became Mrs. Philip Thornly, I should be allowed to see very little of their domestic felicity.

I think Phil saw this too, ah! and a few other things beside; for now and then he would retire to the terrace for the solitary smoke, so indicative of mental depression. He avoided me still; and it was therefore with some surprise that I heard his heavy quick step coming along the corridor towards my door, the eve of the wedding.

'I may come and have my smoke, Jack, I suppose?' he said, poking his bearded, handsome face into the room.

'Of course, old fellow, and I shall be honoured by your company. You don't often favour me now,' I returned, pulling my own chair towards the fire and pointing to the arm-chair opposite.

Phil seated himself and carefully lighted his pipe, and then smoked

away in silence for at least ten minutes.

'I feel, Jack,' at length he said, looking unutterably wretched, 'as if I were come to say the last few words before execution. I had no idea matrimony required such nerve—as much, ay, more than having a tooth drawn.'

'And, unfortunately, it's not so soon over,' I remarked.

'No, indeed!' And the groan that followed that remark almost brought tears to my eyes.

'Must it be, Phil? have you quite made up your mind? After all, a wife's a wife, and one soon spends a fortune; and then—then suppose—'

'Suppose what?' said Phil, with a start that made me jump so I let my meerschaum fall into the fender.

'Thank heaven it is not broken!'

'Suppose what?' reiterated Phil, inconsiderately enough.

'It's real,' I began, pettishly, aluding to my pipe.

'Of course it is; she would not have given it to me unless, particularly after all the fuss I made. I don't know much about gems, but—'

'What the deuce are you talking about?' I interrupted. 'Your head is quite turned by Diana's diamonds. I was talking about my pipe.'

'Your pipe! tush!' Phil spoke quite viciously, and I felt so offended that I became solemnly sulky for five minutes. At length, however, Phil, who was evidently longing for sympathy, could bear it no longer. 'Jack,' he said, 'to tell you the truth, I came to consult you.'

I condescended to look more affable. 'I am not a philosopher or a sage, Phil; but you're welcome to my advice, such as it is,' I said, with modest dignity.

'Well, look here.'

As he spoke, Philip took from his pocket a tiny morocco case, and opening it, handed it to me. It contained a diamond ring, elaborately set.

I must confess I do not understand gems, and, though I tried to examine it with the air of a connoisseur, I am afraid I failed signally.

'Come, Jack, you know you know no more about diamonds than I do.

Don't make faces, but just listen. This afternoon Diana gave me that ring.'

'Very handsome of her, I'm sure.'

'Well, I don't know. We had been talking about the jewels, you see, and though I tried not to appear too much interested, I don't know that I succeeded, for she fixed her black eyes on me in an awful manner, and then, after making some excuse for keeping the best of the diamonds in her own possession, she brought me this, and begged me to accept it.'

'Well!'

'Well, Jack, I must confess I do feel horribly uneasy. Ever since I have been engaged I have been haunted by an awful suspicion. Suppose, Jack, suppose those diamonds were false!'

He uttered this in a low, awful tone; and then, lying back, puffed away silently.

'It would be horrible,' I said: 'but the same idea has occurred to me.'

'It has! Ah, then, that decides me! To-morrow, Jack, I shall take that ring to a jeweller at Bridgewater. I am not going to marry Diana for nothing.'

As he spoke, Phil rose up; and, in spite of my invitation to remain a little longer, prepared to take himself off, in a mood of desperate resolution, to his own room.

'The—the ceremony doesn't take place till eleven o'clock,' he said, as he gently opened the door. 'I shall start early, Jack; and if I am not back before you all get to church, meet me at the western door, will you?'

'Oh, you're sure to be back; Bridgewater's not five miles off.'

'I shall try, you may be sure. Good-night.' And away he went.

I was prepared for some of what came to pass the next day; but not for all.

There we were, all waiting in the church; the clergyman in his surplice, the bride surrounded by her bridesmaids; all waiting for the bridegroom. Phil had not appeared. A quarter of an hour lengthened into half, and still he came not; and then the three-quarters struck, and still he came not.

Mr. Thornly grew nervous, and, as usual, began to use bad language. Gerty turned pale, and the guests began to whisper. The bride alone maintained perfect composure, sitting in her pew. It was only when she caught sight of Blanche Grey (who had proudly demanded to be present at Phil's wedding) that she looked the least troubled. For my own part, I went every two minutes to the western door.

The clock had just struck the quarter to twelve, when I saw a man on horseback riding quickly towards the church, and I immediately signalled the information to the rest, who thereupon placed themselves in position at the altar.

I never felt so relieved in all my life; but, as I stood watching, my blood grew chill. That man was not Phil Thornly!

He came up and dismounted, and then gave me a paper. I knew what it contained before I saw the words; and if the note had not been snatched from my hands by Mr. Thornly, I don't know that I should have done more than throw it down and rush off wildly.

'The ring is false. I am off to Paris.—P. T.'

Mr. Thornly read out the words in a perfect fury. 'What does he mean?—what the deuce does he mean?' he cried.

'I can explain, sir,' said Diana's voice, calmly, whilst a scornful smile spread itself over her pale face. 'Your son imagines I have deceived him about my diamonds, and he has left me; he declines the alliance.'

'But this is scandalous.'

'It is a little more than I expected, certainly. However, come, Mr. Thornly, let us return to the Hall; and at any rate let me vindicate my honour. Send for a jeweller, if you please.'

Diana looked really dignified for once; and I think she was the only one of the bridal party who left the church with anything like dignity. As for Blanche, she was terribly flushed, and kept squeezing my arm, whispering, 'I thought this horrid marriage would never come off; and then poor Philip was so dreadfully

hard-up!' She was the only one, I believe, who felt she might rejoice in Philip's escape at all hazards.

We were soon all assembled in the old Hall, with Diana, still in her bridal dress, unlocking her jewel-casket solemnly, and pompously delivering jewel after jewel into Mr. Thornly's hand, to be passed by him to the jeweller (who had been sent for), to be examined. The silence was great, the excitement equally so; and I really scarcely knew whether to consider Philip and myself as villains or fools, when, after careful testing, the jeweller pronounced Diana Rowney to be a Queen of true and excellent Diamonds!

She waited till the man was out of the room, and then, turning her great eyes triumphantly upon us all, she said:

'This is not the first time I have gone through a similar scene. I know men will court me, as Philip Thornly has, for my diamonds; and

this is the test I put them to. The ring I gave Philip was false. This, however, has been a case of "diamond cut diamond." And then, without another word, she walked out of the room, and an hour after had left Thornly, in the same carriage which was to have borne her away a wife.

I telegraphed the news to Philip—whom, I believe, his father disinherited on the spot—and retired myself immediately to my own lodgings.

The Queen of Diamonds had been too much for us; and, to use Philip's words, 'there we were where we were before.'

Fortunately for him, two of his good aunts died a few months after all this, leaving him their savings; whereupon he returned to England, and, I believe, contemplates Blanche again. Otherwise he would be at this moment vegetating, or, as Blanche says, 'pining' at Boulogne.

GAMBLING SKETCHES.

The Closing and Opening of a Couple of Rhine Bursals.

PART I.—HOMBOURG VOR DER HÖHE.

I. THE SALONS DE JEU.



CURIOSITY, accidental proximity to the spot, dyspepsia, a passion for play, the desire to put an elaborate mathematical calculation, which had been revolving in my brain for months, to the test, one, or more, or possibly none of these reasons took me to Hombourg vor der Höhe—Hombourges monts—Hombourg

among the mountains, as it is called, to distinguish it from other Hombourgs far and near—just as March was piping his farewell symphonies by way of prelude to the coming spring. The weather, which was unusually cold, became more chilly as the evening drew in. The sun set in an agitated sea of clouds. The Taunus mountains were a mass of deep opaque blue, against which the white walls of Hombourg Schloss stood out in full relief. Hombourg, for the time of year, seemed to be overflowing with life. A

perfect crowd alighted from the railway train. Droskies rattled along the Luisenstrasse. The Kursaal was ablaze with light. Stylishly dressed women and men, in evening and lounging costume, paced the long corridor or flitted through the ante-rooms. The concert hall was three parts filled. The *salons de jeu*, if not inconveniently crowded, had their full complement of players. There were the same calculating old fogies, the same *blasé* looking young men, the same young girls and full-blown women, with a nervous quivering about the lips, the same old sinners of both sexes whom one has known at these places the last ten or fifteen years, busily engaged at *trente et quarante*. At the roulette table, too, one had no difficulty in recognizing the old familiar set. The handsome-looking young Russian noble who 'spots the board' with louis—the fat bejewelled-fingered Jew who seeks to emulate the Muscovite seigneur with florins—the Englishman and his wife, evidently residents—who play against each other, quite unconsciously, at opposite ends of the table—the youthful, yet 'used-up' little French marquis, who dresses in the English fashion, and brings with him his own particular pocket rake, that he may hook in his golden rouleaux the more readily—the elegantly dressed, shrivelled, hag-faced woman who plays for the run on the colours—the nervous careworn young Englishman, who plays heavily against the see-saw, with other nervous fellow-countrymen staking their rouleaux or their double Fredericks on *douze premier, milieu, or dernier*—professional gamblers, well and ill-dressed, with sharply-deadened Mephistophelean features, quick, restless eyes, and villanously compressed lips, who, after trying all systems, generally get landed croupiers or black legs in the end—seedy-looking Poles of the last emigration, who prudently place their florins *à cheval, transversal, and le carré*, and deep calculating Germans, who make ventures with painful hesitation, and after long intervals of abstention, and, as a matter of course, almost invariably lose; with *filles du monde*—French,

German, English, Polish, Italian, and Jewish—of every nationality—most of them young—so young, in fact, that the world may well be called their mother, robed like princesses, and be-coiffured, be-jewelled, and be-gloved as only *filles du monde* ever seem to be, and who lay down their louis with charming indifference, though with a decided partiality for 'quatre premier' and 'zero.' These, with the watchful old women and Germans of hang-dog look that beset every public gambling-table, waiting for a chance to pounce upon the stakes of the more unsuspecting players, are some of the characters which we recognized around the roulette table that night, when the play ruled high and the players were more than usually eager.

It wants but little more than a minute to eleven, the hour the bank closes. Croupier proclaims that the wheel is about to whirl, and the marble be set spinning for the last time. As is commonly the case after this notification has been given, the stakes are numerous and heavy. Nervous young Englishman has half a dozen 1000-franc notes on 'rouge'—Muscovite seigneur has burst open three rouleaux to spot the board—fat-fingered Jew tries to follow suit with florins—puny looking French marquis piles up his notes on 'passe'—deep calculating Germans once more put their systems to the test—shrivelled old woman in satins still plays for the 'run'—gamblers of every degree back their luck—young *filles du monde*, this time, languidly push their louis to any part of the table except 'zero.' The wheel revolves; click goes the marble, careering along on its uncertain course. '*Rien ne va plus.*' The marble has ceased its gyrations, the revolutions of the wheel are checked, and 'Zero'—'O word of fear, unwelcome to the gambler's ear'—is proclaimed aloud by the croupier. The bank sweeps the board,* hauls in by this one coup upwards of 1000*l.* sterling, at which Muscovite seigneur—careworn, nervous Englishman—puny-

* When 'Zero' turns up at the last round, the bank sweeps away all the stakes.

looking, used-up Gallic *marquis*—*hag* in satins—seedy Poles—fat-fingered Jews, deep-pondering Germans, professional gamblers, and *filles du monde*, retire from the *salon* in disgust.

II.—DEATH AT THE HUNTING-LODGE.

This, though no one suspected it at the time, was the last whirl of the Hombourg roulette wheel for many a day to come—pity it were not for ever—that wheel which has been revolving for twelve hours per diem, save on one day in the year (the fête day of the patron saint of the town), ever since the inauguration of the Kuraaal, 'after an appropriate service, and with the usual solemnities,'* on the 17th day of August, 1843, a period of well-nigh a quarter of a century.

For on the following morning, in a lone hunting-lodge at the end of the long stately poplar avenue, and on the skirts of the fir-forest that stretches to the foot of the Taunus mountains, while the snow flakes are drifting against the window-panes, and settling on the roof, an old man of eighty-three lies wrestling with death. When life, at upwards of fourscore, is summoned to so unequal a contest, who doubts of the result? Precisely at seven o'clock, Ferdinand Henry Frederick, high-born sovereign-landgrave of Hesse-Hombourg, and oldest reigning prince in Europe, expired in the arms of two weeping, widowed women—one his niece, the Princess Reuss, the other his aged sister, the Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

Landgrave Ferdinand Henry Frederick was the last survivor of a family of eight brothers, four of whom preceded him in the government of the Landgravate. Their father, Frederick V., was ejected by Napoleon from the principality of Hesse-Hombourg in the year 1806, but he had the good luck to get it restored to him, with the province of Meisenheim, beyond the Rhine, by the Vienna Congress. All his sons were, of course, soldiers, and

several of them gallant ones. Frederick, who married a daughter of our George III., fought in Hungary against the Turks, commanded the first column at the battle of Leipsic, and took part in engagements at Dijon and Lyons in 1814, receiving in these various actions some half-a-dozen wounds. Louis William, who succeeded him, was a Prussian general of infantry, and fought with desperate courage at Lautern, Grossbeeren, and Dennewitz, and subsequently at Leipsic, where, while in command of the three Prussian battalions which forced the Grimma gate and effected an entrance into the town, he was severely wounded and carried off from the field of battle. Philip, another brother, also fought at Leipsic, in Italy, and on the Rhine, and received his fair share of wounds if not of glory.

Ferdinand, the late Landgrave, held a command in the Austrian service, and fought with some distinction in his younger days against the French in Italy. He succeeded to the Landgravate at an unfortunate moment—in the year of revolutions—1848—when, like many other potentates, he found himself forced to confer a constitution on his subjects, which, like other potentates, he withdrew so soon as all danger was past. He had the grace, however, to abolish civil death—that is, the abrogation of all civil rights to which political offenders were then subject, and also the right of confiscation, the pillory, branding, and the stick. Landgrave Ferdinand's distinguishing characteristic was, however, this—he was the champion of public gambling, a true paladin of the croup, who set the Frankfort parliament at defiance, and disregarded all remonstrances on the part of his fellow sovereigns earnestly desirous of putting down a gigantic evil, of getting rid of a monstrous public scandal, the disgrace of which they felt attached itself to the entire German people.

Ferdinand simply looked at the matter from one point of view. He found that by driving a hard bargain with the gang of French and German speculators who farmed from him the right of keeping open

* Vide Hombourg Guide Book.

the gambling salons at Hombourg, he could have the town paved, and lighted with gas, and supplied with water, and improved and beautified, all for nothing; and, moreover, that he could attract thither a gay company, prodigal of expenditure, and so give a fillip, as it were, to trade. Even the country people, too, shared in the common benefit, for a market was opened to them for their pigs and their poultry, their butter and their milk, their grapes, their apples, and their eggs. And more than this, he contrived to extract a considerable annual money payment from the Kursaal, which went some way towards the pay of his standing army of 488 men, and thereby lightened the general burthen of taxation.

III.—HOMBOURG IN SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

Hombourg, all unconscious of the loss it has sustained, had begun to bestir itself for another routine day. Burgermeister Stumpff and Polizeidirector des Noyer, were giving directions for clearing the streets of the snow, when a mounted groom, booted and spurred, and wearing the Landgrave's livery, dashed into the town with a letter from Dr. Muller, Landgrave's physician in ordinary, to Burgermeister Stumpff, announcing the Landgrave's decease. The two officials were equal to the duties which they plainly saw devolved upon them. The Burgermeister writes hurried notes to Military Commandant and Chief-Justice Zurbuch, and summons a meeting of councillors at the Amtshaus; municipal official telegram is despatched to the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the requisite steps are taken to carry on the government of the town and Landgravate until his Serene Highness's pleasure shall become known.

There are no disaffected people in this quiet little principality for Polizeidirector des Noyer to place under surveillance or arrest; the only dangerous class he has any knowledge of is the class'blackleg, at the Kursaal. He contents himself, therefore, with notifying the event to some few of the chief in-

habitants, and then betakes himself to the residences of the Kurhaus-Commissärs, whom he apprizes of the melancholy intelligence, intimating at the same time that it will necessitate the closing of the Kursaal till further orders.

Military Commandant does not think it necessary to take any special precautions; the sentinels are not even doubled, nor are the troops generally ordered to remain under arms. Shopkeepers close up their shops again, and engage in earnest conversation with each other at their doorsteps; hotel-keepers pull long faces; money-changers are the very pictures of despair.

Kurhaus-Commissärs meet and issue orders for the doors of the *salons de jeu* to be double-locked, for the band to be prohibited from playing, for a *relâche* at the Théâtre Français, and for a written notice to be immediately affixed in the vestibule of the Kursaal, apprising visitors and the public generally, that 'in token of mourning for the loss of their high-born, well-beloved sovereign-Landgrave, the *salons de jeu* are closed until further notice.' All of which is duly done.

IV.—EXCITEMENT AT THE KURSAAL.

News, like the railway train, travels anything but briskly in small German states, even when it chances to tell of a ruler's death; and those who heard of the event the last, were precisely those who thought they ought to have been apprised of it the first. These were the patrons of the Kursaal. Precisely at 11 o'clock, they began to sally forth from the different hotels, sauntered leisurely into the Kurhaus, passed along the handsome corridor, crossed the vestibule, took the well-known lobby on the left hand that leads into the large anteroom, tried the doors of the *salons de jeu*, and found them—locked! Yes, there was no mistake about it, actually locked! What on earth had happened? Had some dishonest director or croupier bolted in the night with all the cash, and left the bank without the wherewithal to meet its foes. More than one

astonished individual had, according to his own account, known Hombourg Kursaal for upwards of twenty years, and such a thing had never happened before. Where were all the officials? Where the tall *chasseurs* who did flunkys' duty at the Kurhaus? One and all were absent from their posts. To whom was one to appeal for an explanation? At length the notice-board is referred to, and there—hemmed in by a crowd of announcements of yesterday's rates of exchange on the Frankfort Bourse, of the times of departure and arrival of the railway trains, of the programmes of the day's concert and the evening's theatrical performance, of the prohibition against children entering the *salons de jeu*—and grown people even—without duly authorized tickets, of the terms for lessons in German, music, and singing,—the official notification (drawn up by order of Kurhaus-Commissaire) of the Landgrave's death, and the consequent closing of the salons, is discovered, and read, and re-read, word for word.

Deeply disgusted individual presents himself at Commissariat-bureau; asks for an explanation of that dubious phrase 'until further notice.' Does it mean next day, next week, next month, or next year? Kurhaus Commissioner is very polite; but he can afford him no more exact information than can be gleaned from the notice itself. Disgusted individual retires, and communicates the result of his interview to the crowd of disappointed gamblers who have by this time assembled in the vestibule. Discussion soon becomes animated. 'What's the best thing to do?' each one asks his fellow; 'remain in this dull hole, or run over to Frankfort or Wiesbaden?' Among the Babel of tongues, one overhears this little dialogue between two indignant fellow-countrymen.

'When will they bury him?'

'Can't say.'

'It won't be long first, for they have a capital law abroad, you know; corpses mustn't be kept above ground for more than eight-and-forty hours.

'Yes, but he's a Landgrave.'

'What of that? Why, didn't the papers the other day have an account of a French bishop, who had been buried alive, petitioning the Senate against this law, and it wouldn't listen to him? Surely a French bishop—and he was a cardinal, too, I think—is as good as any German Landgrave. Besides, he's eighty-three; not much chance of his ever coming to life again. I don't see why they shouldn't tuck the old boy underground within the next eight-and-forty hours, and fling open the doors of the Kursaal.'

'Yes, but you see, German people are so confoundedly slow. What Sterne says is quite true—they do manage these things better in France.'

V.—INDIFFERENCE AT THE SCHLOSS.

While this sort of excitement prevails at the Kursaal, how is it, thought we, up at the old Schloss; and to the Schloss we betake ourselves. There life seemed to be going on very much the same as usual. Sentinels paced unconcernedly up and down; soldiers sat smoking and playing cards in the guard-room; a great waggon of firewood was being unladen in the outer court, while the children from the neighbouring school scampered in and out among the logs. We pass through that marvellous gateway which leads to the inner court, and the outside of which is sculptured over with the arms and quarterings of a long line of Landgraves and their many high and mighty alliances, and which has on its inside an equestrian statue of Frederick, with the silver leg, clad in a suit of plate armour, his head enveloped in a splendid, full-botomed wig, vaulting, as it were, through an opening above the archway, as though he contemplated alighting in the paved court below. Passing through this gateway, we note the tall Swiss porter sunning himself at the entrance to the private apartments, and catch sight of the cook gossiping with the butcher at the buttery-door. Young girls drawing water from the fountain, are chat-

tering together as only young girls and magpies chatter; and each, I find, has a saucy answer for the sentinel, should he venture to address her as she passes by with her pails and cans. Old women are raking the flower-beds of the terrace-garden, and the gardener is busy nailing up his wall-trees. Whether it is Landgrave Ferdinand or Grand Duke Ludwig is all one, it seems, to these people. In the left wing

of the Schloss the blinds are drawn down, which is the only visible symbol of death having, but a few hours since, struck down its late owner.

VI.—A PATENT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

On Sunday morning, when the Hombourg people turned out of their beds, they found the town



placarded over with a 'Patent,' signed by Ludwig II., Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, wherein was set forth the death of the high-born Sovereign Landgrave, Ferdinand Henry Frederick, and, in accordance with treaties, the consequent absorption of the Landgravate into the parent Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt; whereupon the Grand Duke notifies that he assumes the reins of government, and enjoins due and loving submission to his lawful authority.

On the heels of this patent comes a notice from the Grand Ducal Chamberlain commanding a fort-

night's mourning for the late well-beloved Landgrave, who, dressed up in his Austrian Field-Marshal-Lieutenant's uniform, is to lie in state in the Hall of Audience of the gaunt old Schloss, with his shako and his cavalry sabre, and his stars and garters at the coffin's foot. April 3 is appointed a day of 'penitence and prayer' (*Buss-und-Betttag*). The effect of this on the visitors is electric. Hotel bills are hastily called for, portmanteaus are hurriedly packed; luggage-laden droshkies rattle along the Luisenstrasse, bound for the railway station, where it is found necessary to add on extra

carriages to the departing trains. It is a stampede, in fact—one would think Hombourg was plague-stricken. Deserted are the handsome corridors and splendid salons of the Kursaal, deserted the reading-rooms and the restaurant, the terrace and the Kurgarten, the baths and the wells, the hotels and the lodging-houses. Hotel and lodging-house keepers, bankers and money-changers, shopkeepers, waiters, commissioners, porters, drosky-drivers, even the director of the 'Lombard' establishment, all contribute their several notes of wailing to the universal moan.

PART II.—WIESBADEN.

I. SPECULATIONS.

Finding oneself the last remaining visitor in Hombourg, which under its gayest aspects is anything but a lively town, and in sackcloth and ashes is simply intolerable, we pack up our portmanteau, and, following the stream of emigration, turn our back upon the place.

I had for several days past observed advertisements in unusually large type on the back pages of the foreign journals, announcing the 'Ouverture du Kursaal' at Wiesbaden on April 1, so to Wiesbaden I betook myself, that I might be present at the coming ceremony. One had seen a good number of *ouvertures* in one's time. British parliaments, French Chambers of Deputies and Corps Legislatifs, Spanish Cortes, Dutch Staten-Generaals, Bavarian Walhallas, Grand London and Paris International Exhibitions and Sydenham Crystal Palaces, together with coronations at London, Paris, and Moscow, meetings of crowned heads, royal marriages, receptions of emperors, kings, warriors, and patriots; but one had never seen the opening of a Kursaal. What was it like? What, thought we, will be the attendant ceremony? Something impressive, most unquestionably; for the Kursaal, be it remembered, is an acknowledged institution on the Rhine, 'inaugurated with an appropriate service and the usual solemnities.'

Will his Serene Highness the Herzog of Nassau, thought we, drive over from that brickdust-tinted, rickety old Schloss of his at Biebrich, where groups of battered headless statues crown the semicircular central front, and accompanied by chamberlains and a military escort, and by the Kurhaus-Commissärs, who on such an occasion would occupy, befittingly enough, the posts of his ordinary responsible advisers, go in state to the Kursaal, and from a temporary throne in the ball-room deliver a speech to the assembled audience, addressing a portion of those present as 'high-born, well-experienced players at rouge et noir,' as though—the stakes being higher at this game—they were a sort of upper chamber, and the other portion simply as 'gamblers of the roulette table,' as if they were the lower house? Will he, thought we, express the pleasure he feels at again meeting them, and after thanking them for their liberal supplies of last year—the result of that system of high play which he will always do his best to encourage—point out to them the requirements of the coming season, the estimates for which will, of course, have been prepared with a due regard to economy, consistent with the efficiency of the service of the Kursaal; and which comprise the erection of a new orchestra in the Kurgarten, of a new fountain in the Theater-Platz, and probably the engagement of Mdlle. Patti and that other *diva* named of the 'Alcazar,' Mdlle. Thérèse, for a limited number of nights? Will he next express his gratification at the friendly assurances he continues to receive from those various petty potentates who, like himself, foster public gambling—from young King Leopold of the Belgians, who he trusts will follow in his venerated father's footsteps, and resist all attempts to suppress the gaming tables at Spa—from his Serene Highness of Baden-Baden, who he is happy to hear has recently renewed the lease of M. Benazet—from the Prince of Monaco and the Elector of Hesse-Cassel? Will he then express his deep regret at the irreparable loss which the cause

they have so much at heart has sustained by the death of the Landgrave of Hesse-Hombourg, who always led the van when the sacred rights of the croup were assailed, who grappled successfully with the Frankfort parliament, and kept Hombourg Kurhaus open, spite of its decrees? Will he also express his hope that his successor in the Landgravate will follow the example thus set him, and not suffer himself to be bullied or cajoled by the English newspapers into closing this splendid establishment merely because a young son of his chanced to marry a daughter of Queen Victoria? And will he hint his belief that the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, jealous of the handsome Kursaal which under the auspices of the Elector has been recently reared at Naunheim on Hessian territory, will welcome his magnificent succession of Hombourg with a firm resolve that its interests 'shall not perish in his hands'?

II. NOTES OF PREPARATION.

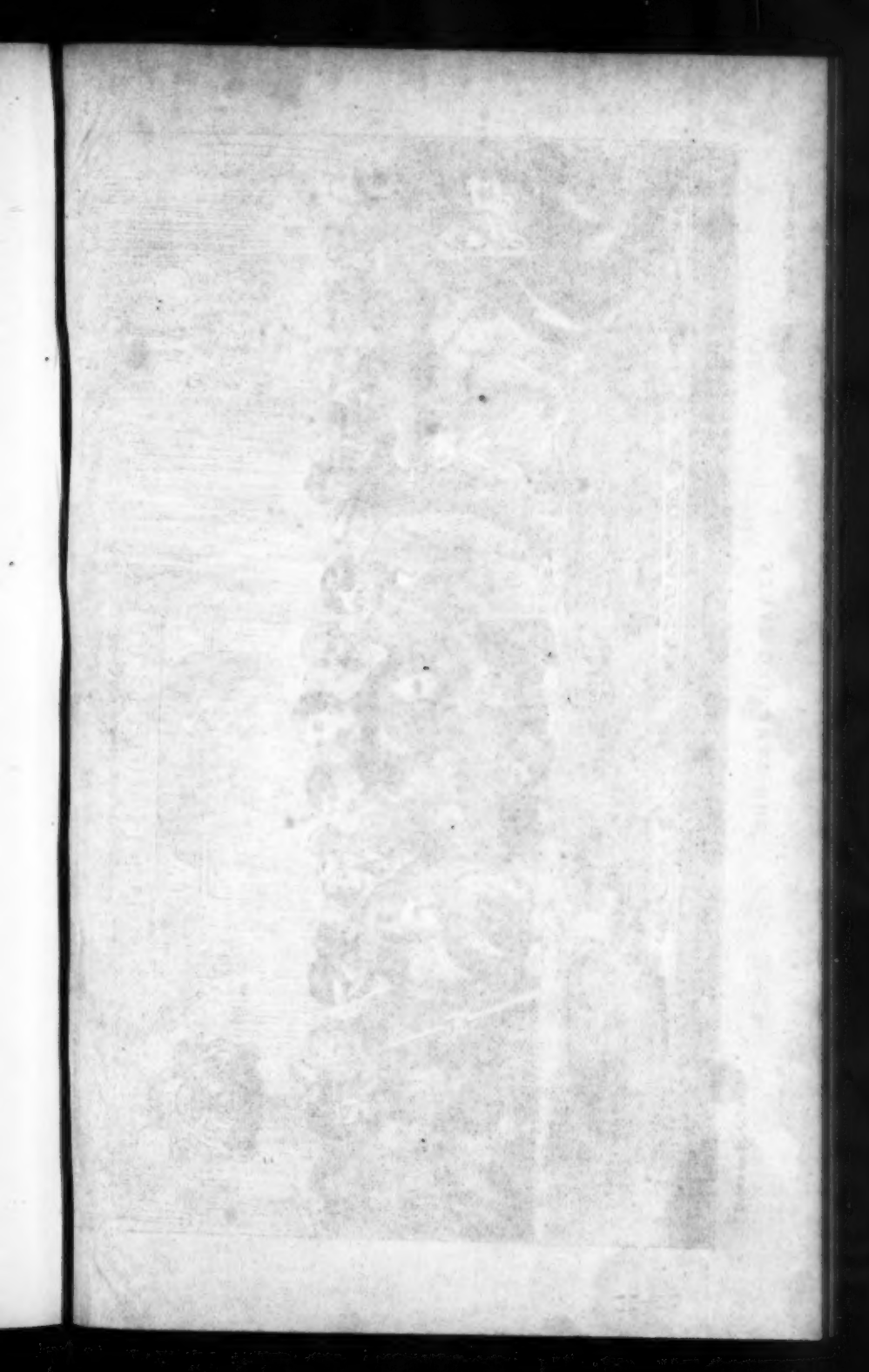
Well, we are at Wiesbaden, which there is no need to describe for the thousand and first time—Wiesbaden, clean and wholesome smelling, and pleasantly situated if not over picturesque town, capital of the Duchy of Nassau; the older portion, with its narrow winding streets and somewhat antique looking houses, enclosed on all sides, as it were, by handsome buildings opening on to wide thoroughfares, and pleasant boulevards with long avenues of lime trees. Old Wiesbaden is represented by a massive arched gateway, a rather picturesque Rathhaus, a mediaeval fountain in the market-place, with a gilt rampant lion supporting a shield, whereon are displayed the arms of Nassau. The public buildings of new Wiesbaden are the ministerial hotel and hall of the legislature, the museum, the mint, the theatre, the cavalry barracks, and the Kursaal, which last, with its open 'platz,' its colonnades, its really magnificent ball-room, its *salons de jeu*, its reading rooms, its restaurant, and the charming gardens in the rear, with their lakes,

fountains, running streams, rustic bridges, rock-girt islands, pavilions, parterres of flowers, grassy hillocks, winding walks and shady groves, is as pretty a place as any of its kind on the banks of the Rhine.

Everything betokens active preparation for the coming 1st. Wiesbaden town is getting itself trim. Shopkeepers display their latest Parisian consignments, *chapeaux* Pamela and Lamballe, *jupons* Lavalliere, and *cachemire*, and chains, and *coiffures* Benoiton. Long strings of carts laden with stone for the repair of the public roads descend the Sonnenberg; load after load of gravel is spread over the Kurgarten walks; huge rollers are kept constantly at work; scores of gardeners are busily engaged clipping the grass plots and raking the flower-beds; the new orchestra is rapidly approaching completion. In front of the Kursaal polished silver reflectors are affixed to the gas-burners; the *brief-kastens*, or letter-boxes, are hung up in their places. Inside the building the upholsterer's tin-tack hammer is going all day long; gaudy wall paintings are cleaned and varnished, gilt mouldings reburnished, mirrors polished, velvet-covered settees stripped of their canvas skins, floors brushed till they acquire the requisite degree of slipperiness to render them dangerous to walk upon. The shutters of the *salons de jeu* are kept rigorously closed, that no profane eye may penetrate the mysteries enacting within their sacred precincts. Chevet engages his staff of waiters, gets his dining saloon in order, and arranges his tables and chairs on the banks of the lake and around the new orchestra. The jet in the centre of the lake sends up a volume of water some fifty feet, which the sun streaks with rainbow tints. Everything is in readiness and all looks charming. The sacrificial altar is bestrewn with flowers and awaits the coming victims.

III.—'IT IS OUR OPENING DAY.'

The eventful morning has arrived at last. Wiesbaden puts on a holiday aspect. People are abroad in



They leave so much at heart has annihilated by the death of the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, who always led the van when the sacred rights of the crown were assailed, who grappled successfully with the Frankfurt parliament, and kept Homburg-Harlem open, spite of its sieges? Will he also express his hope that his successor in the Landgraviate will follow the example thus set first, and not suffer himself to be buffeted or lashed by the English newspapers into plotting this splendid and important treaty between a young son of his chosen to marry a daughter of Queen Victoria? And will he not, in his belief that the Grand Duke of Hesse-Strassbourg, prince of the beautiful Rhine, still under the auspices of the Elector palatine, already seated in Nassau as hereditary Landgrave, will encourage the inevitable succession of Homburg with a firm resolve that the sentence "shall not pass in this family?"

II. VISIT TO WIESBADEN.

Walt, we are at Wiesbaden, which there is no need to describe for the thousand and first time—Wiesbaden, clean and wholesome-smelling, and pleasantly situated if not over-picturesque town, capital of the Duchy of Nassau, the river portion, with its narrow winding streets and somewhat antique looking houses, enclosed on all sides, as it were, by handsome buildings opening on to wide thoroughfares, and elegant avenues to walk long distances of time down. And Wiesbaden is represented by a massive double gateway, a massive overgrown wall, a massive castle in the market-place, with a gilt rampart line supporting a shield, wherein are displayed the arms of Nassau. The public buildings of new Wiesbaden are the municipal hotel and hall of the population, the museum, the court, the theatre, the cavalry barracks, and the Kurbad, which last, with its open 'piazza,' its colonnade, its really magnificent ball-room, its salons *à la jet*, its reading rooms its restaurant, and the charming gardens in the rear, with their lakes,

fountains, running streams, rustic bridges, rock-girt islands, pavilions, parterres of flowers, grassy hillocks, winding walks and shady groves, is as pretty a place as any of its kind on the banks of the Rhine.

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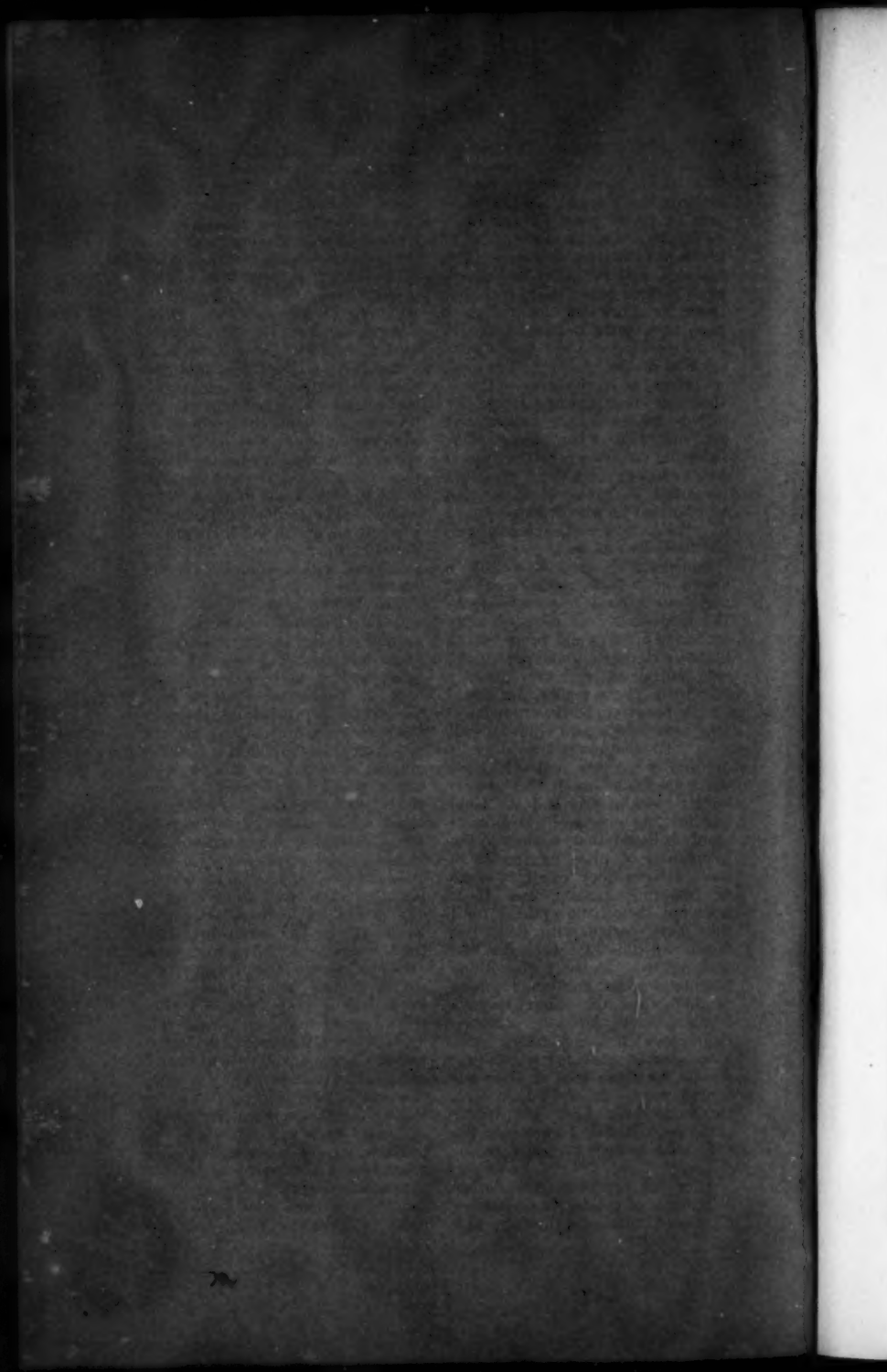
The eventful morning has arrived at last. Wiesbaden puts on a holiday aspect. People are abroad in



Drawn by G. A. Sala.

THE GAMBLING TABLE.

[See "Gambling Sketches."]



their gayest apparel. The railway trains bring crowds of strangers. The living stream flows steadily towards the Kursaal. What numbers of pretty girls, all seemingly so happy; what a multitude of handsome children, charming little maidens, and beautiful fair-haired, chubby-faced boys. How is it that these last grow up, for the most part, such plain-looking men? Is it the smoking and the beer drinking that do the mischief? The pipe, we know, is hardly ever out, and there are beer gardens where the *kellner* watches your flagon, and replenishes it when empty with lightning speed—where the rule is to fill and evermore to fill until the command be given to stop. No wonder that he who drinks beer not only thinks beer, as Longfellow says, but looks beer as well.

Somewhat before 10 o'clock a crowd of well-dressed, and, to all appearance, most respectable-looking men—many of them possibly fathers of families and props of the State—congregate round one of the side entrances, and are instantly admitted. These, reader, you would hardly believe to be the croupiers—that unfortunate race vilified of all men. To what lower level do they descend when age and infirmities overtake them—when they are no longer quick of eye, and the hand has lost its cunning! It is commonly believed that, victims to the fascination of play, on receipt of their salaries they resort to some neighbouring kursaal, and there work out their little systems until they have parted with their last florin. In this case they can put nothing by. Possibly the Rhine potentates who encourage public gambling and the administrations of the different kursaals, with M. Benazet and M. Blanc at their head, have already provided a befitting asylum for these men in their advanced years—an asylum, in fact, for meritorious aged and infirm croupiers. If not, I commend the suggestion to their earnest consideration.

After the croupiers come other individuals of greater importance—Kurhaus-Commissärs, directors, and

inspectors, who are received with every demonstration of respect by the doorkeepers; but there is neither ducal presence, nor representative, nor chamberlain, nor military escort. Crowds of eager strangers are congregated outside the building, vainly endeavouring to peer into what is going on inside. At length the windows of the *salons de jeu* are flung open, as if to say to the assembled multitude, 'Come and see for yourselves; all is ready, and precisely as the clock strikes 11 play will commence.' And true enough there are the tables covered with the well-known *tapis vert*—there the tall chairs of the croupiers and the croups themselves arranged on either side of the roulette wheel in symmetrical fashion. The roulette wheel itself is boxed up, and as yet there are no rouleaux in the *caisnes*; but bide awhile, all will be complete in due course.

The windows are closed again, and as 11 o'clock draws nigh, I saunter into the *salon* to see what is going forward. The opening ceremony proved to be a very simple one. Round the table are grouped the croupiers; presently enters a stalwart Kursaal flunkey, in dark blue livery and the stiffest of starched cravats, attended by croupiers on either side, and bearing on his shoulder a heavy oaken brass-bound chest, which he deposits on the *tapis vert*. Following him comes Kurhaus-Commissär with key of said chest, which he flings down triumphantly on the table. The chest is double and treble unlocked, and a large leathern bag taken out of it, from whence are taken numerous smaller leathern bags filled with rouleaux and demi-rouleaux of Fredericks d'or and double Fredericks d'or, of louis, of florins, and double florins, thalers, and five-franc pieces. These are all systematically arranged on the table, and Kurhaus-Commissär, producing a formidable-looking tabular document, seats himself, and calls first for the bank-notes, which are taken from a little green case which opens and shuts with a secret spring. These being counted and found correct, the rouleaux of gold and silver coin are

next told over, every croupier eye watching to see that no mistake is made. All seems to be right, for Kurhaus-Commissär folds up the paper and rises from his seat. Chief croupiers, under inspector's superintendence, now proceed to fill the *caisses* with bank-notes and coin—in other words, to make what is called the bank.

At this moment the strains of martial music are heard, the doors of the *salons* are thrown wide open, and a stream of people flows in. Here are officers in various uniforms—in long white great coats and long green ditto; in short white tunics with blue or scarlet collars and cuffs; short green tunics embroidered with gold lace, and dark rifle green tunics embroidered with black braid;

many among them booted and spurred, and with their cavalry sabres clanking on the ground. Here, too, are elegantly-dressed, matronly-looking women, and the prettiest of *frauleins* in the most piquant of costumes, and grave heads of families of portly presence, and men and women of various nationalities, old and middle-aged and young, including clerks and shopkeepers, idle people, professed gamblers, chance tourists, and simple holiday folk. Ah! come ye on to your inevitable fate—wasps, butterflies, bluebottles, bees, drones, gnats, gadflies, though you be, you are all destined, sooner or later, to be broken on yonder roulette wheel by these modern 'Bandits of the Rhine.'

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE scene is Florence—*la bella Fiorentina*—and the imaginary conversationalists are 'Alfieri and Solomon the Florentine Jew.' The latter is addressing the former. 'Look,' he says, in continuation of an apology for the cultured honours of his native city, in the glorious past the capital of the Medici, and at present the metropolis designate of a renovated Italian kingdom—'look,' he says, 'from the window. That cottage in the declivity was Dante's: that square and large mansion, with a circular garden before it elevated artificially, was the first scene of Boccaccio's 'Decameron.' A boy might stand at an equal distance between them, and break the windows of each with his sling. What idle fabricator of crazy systems will tell me that climate is the creator of genius? The climate of Austria is more regular and more temperate than ours, which I am inclined to believe is the most variable in the whole universe, subject, as you have perceived, to heavy fogs for two months in winter, and to a stifling heat, concentrated within the hills, for five more. Yet a single man of genius hath never appeared in the

whole extent of Austria, an extent several thousand times greater than our city; and this very street hath given birth to fifty. * * * Smile as you will, Signor Conte: what must I think of a city where Michel-Angelo, Frate Bartolomeo, Ghiberti (who formed them), Guicciardini, and Machiavelli were secondary men? And certainly such they were, if we compare them with Galileo, and Boccaccio, and Dante.'

A Florentine Jew, we should opine, is a variety, for warlike unsympathies, for subtle delicacy of taste, all but unmatchable in Europe; for he exhibits in his own person the intellectual privileges of his birth as a member of the proudest ethnological aristocracy in the world, and as a denizen of a city whose inhabitants had plucked from misfortune the double-stock of subtlety and endurance, the one tolerable flower amongst the bitter herbs that go to make up the wreath of effeminacy and subordination. One can imagine the distended nostril of such a speaker as he vengefully flashes back the glittering taunt upon the oppressors of so large a portion of that country, to which, although a native, his heart professes

only to owe the secondary allegiance of a foster-child.

The fellow-townsmen of Dante, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Boccaccio, Galileo, and Machiavelli,—the man who daily lounged through the lengths of galleries, libraries, and gardens, where the shades of the great departed flit before him as numerous as the gods that jostled in the Pantheon of ancient Greece—happy for such a man, exile though he be from the Zion of his ancestors, that another *patria* is possible than the material one; and that at Florence his intellect may dwell in a home where genius radiates its delicate cross pencils to give prismatic glory to the sunlight.

If the reader does not happen to know how much he, simply as a reader, is indebted to Florence,—if he cannot, along the illustrious succession of our English litterateurs, trace back their genealogy to Florence, as to a literary Ararat—one is tempted, in default of space, to set forth the several links of this golden chain, to pray for a flash of revelation that should lay bare the reasons why it seems to us, when one and another of our literary boasts give themselves in life and death to Florence, as if they went back, by a filial necessity, to live once again in the home from which they of old went forth, and to breathe their last sigh on the bosom where first they hung.

On the seventeenth day of September, 1864, there stood, waiting to be gathered, many a shock of corn, ripe and heavy with the dews and suns of English skies, and with the juices of English soil, in which some dock or flagrant poppy nestled or flaunted itself. Precious was the corn, destined for the garner and the chaff-eschewing thrasher; worthless the poppy, destined, unpitied, to rot and wither ere it left the field. At the same time at Florence was garnered a shock of corn fully ripe, whose golden crown, alas! the flagrant poppy, nurtured in the latter days of ripening for the harvest, did not fail to flaunt itself. Let it, like its type in the English harvest-field, rot and wither, whilst we essay even now

to thresh out a little of the corn whose sample it shall not be suffered to defile.

Let the cloud that obscured the prolonged sunset of the life of Walter Savage Landor be mentioned first, that it may be first forgotten. Let no knight-errantry, whose motto is 'God and the Ladies,' now impugn recklessly or uselessly his chivalry and honour. We are no maudlin or dishonest votaries of the tricky aphorism, *Nil nisi bonum de mortuis*; but in these gentle pages we will give no unkind prominence to frailties, which, with Landor's merits, repose in trembling hope in their dread abode—'the bosom of his Father and his God.' We will wait until an older man than himself think fit to throw the first stone, or has the heart and the agility to leap derisively over his grave. It shall be ours to hang a simple immortelle on a corner of his cenotaph.

Walter Savage Landor, a Nestor amongst literary men, was born so long ago as January 30th, 1775, at Ipsley Court, near Leicester, in the county of Warwick. The successive heads of his family had, from a very respectable antiquity, been the principal proprietors and lords of the manor of Ipsley. His ancestors had for some centuries now and again illustrated the records of their district by their official positions. The family claimed to derive from the De la Laundes, and the name was for some time spelt indifferently, Launde and Launder. In the time of Charles I. a certain John Launder of Rugeley was a captain in the Royal army. The orthography of the name, as it appears at present, would seem to have been fixed about the same time with the Restoration of the House of Stuart. From this date, down to the time of the lately deceased representative, perhaps the greatest honour attained by any member of the family accrued to Walter Landor, Esq., when he was made high sheriff for Staffordshire during the reign of William and Mary. These few genealogical lines are, we trust, not thrown away; for every man has a right to his ancestors. The solemn

assertion that 'thine ancestors' virtue is not thine' was probably invented by some ingenious ragamuffin or pury *novus homo*, who either did not know who his grandfather was, or *wished he didn't*. The virtues of a man's ancestors are his, just as much as their estates, if only he inherits them. It was well, also, in the case of Landor, to lay down his genealogical landmarks; for he was too theoretically democratic not to hold on stiffly to such *modicum* of gentillesse as he had a right to claim by descent.

The late most illustrious of the Landors was the eldest of the six children of Walter Landor by his second wife Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Charles Savage, Esq., of Tachbrook. The young heir was entrusted for his education to Rugby, and then, after an interval spent under the guidance and instruction of a private tutor, to Trinity College, Oxford. In the year 1795, being then twenty years of age, he published a 'Collection of Poems,' a first performance, which has been described as 'consisting of some virulent satire against a worthy professor of Oxford.' It is by no means startling if the system and opinions in favour at the University did not satisfy the self-assertive disposition of Landor; and considering that such men as Bishop Hall and 'Satan' Montgomery made their *début* in satire, we can hardly conceive how he could have made *his* in anything else. He was a lion whose tawny mane many persons besides the Oxford don discovered was not habitually combed and scented, upon the paring of whose claws no great amount of time was wasted, and whose paws were not generally enveloped in velvet mittens. At his entry into public life the attention of the reading world was occupied by men whose reputations were already brilliant, and but little of it was at once diverted to himself. In the year 1802, Landor took advantage of the peace of Amiens to pay a visit to Paris, during which he had the opportunity of seeing Napoleon made First Consul for life.

In 1806, the year following his

succession to the family estates, being offended at the annoying conduct and impracticable temper of some of his tenants, he resolved, in the first moments of irritation, to sell the greater part of his patrimony, which had also been that of his ancestors for nearly seven hundred years. Having thus snapped the ties that bound him to the soil of England, he was free to enter upon a life of elegant vagabondage; and in his character of a free citizen of the world, was also free chivalrously to adopt any patriotism.

The most important of the works he had by this time published were 'Gebir' (1798), of which a Latin version appeared in 1803, and 'Poems from the Arabic and Persian' (1800). 'Count Julian,' another of his earlier works, is founded on the same incidents as the 'Roderick' of Southey, who magnanimously bestowed upon the author his praise and friendship. A singular trace of this appeared when Southey in 1810 dedicated 'The Curse of Kehama' to the author of 'Gebir.' This last was a stately, somewhat frigid poem, remarkable as having suggested to Wordsworth the well-known and beautiful description of the seashell. Of this poem the 'Quarterly,' always at loggerheads with Landor, *apropos* of a review of the 'Imaginary Conversations' in 1824, spoke in the following amusing and supercilious style: 'Looking back twenty or thirty years, we perceive Mr. Landor very gravely occupied in the production of a little volume or two of poetry, which it does any man credit to have understood. We have read the poem of "Gebir," and recollect something of a wrestling-match between a nereid and a shepherd, the former of whom, being conqueror, carries off a lamb. This wrestling proves, however, to be only the sea-nymph's mode of courtship; the happy couple, victor and vanquished, are united upon the surface of the ocean; their bridal bed is strewn at the bottom; and the admiring bridegroom is informed the next morning that he had become the progenitor of "a mortal man above all mortal praise—"

Napoleon Bonaparte! If we do not mistake, there were also a queen of Egypt and a king of Spain, who persisted in building a city, though certain enchanters contrived that everything which was built should disappear in the night. Poison and other serious occurrences brought the poem to a tragical end. We can add, that, amongst much absurdity and obscurity, signs of intellectual, if not poetical powers, excited expectations which Mr. Landor has allowed us to forget. Our hope was that time would have reduced to order a mind of some natural strength; but we believe, though Mr. Landor was no stipendiary soldier, his studies suffered an interruption from his martial ardour during the Peninsular war, and his achievements again came to an end from the difficulty of co-operating with ordinary beings. In short, Mr. Landor could neither write nor fight like any other person; his troop of horse must be trained at his own cost, and his poems published for his own private reading.

The latter part of this extract is in anticipation of our progress; but a few words will enable the reader to understand the double sneer; and further on we may incidentally discover that Landor's opinions about Napoleon Bonaparte were considerably modified by the modification of that portentous man's own character. The early youth of Landor coincided with the working out of the best objects of the French Revolution, whilst yet good men of other nations thought they could discern in it much of beneficial and much of promising. The aspect of the neighbouring country, therefore, burst on the thoughts of his boyhood to give a living and working significance to the far-off classical republics with which his Hellenic studies made him conversant. The same feelings that made Southey and Coleridge early in life project a Pantisocracy on the banks of a Transatlantic river with a presumably poetical name—the wallet or treasury of which Republic was to be supplied in part by the funds arising from Southey's 'Joan of Arc,'

and from Coleridge's projected work, 'Specimens of Modern Latin Poems'—found a more abiding dwelling-place in the mind and heart of Landor. Southey and Coleridge had already cooled down to the average temperature of good conservatively disposed poets or metaphysicians, when Landor blazed out into chivalry. In 1808 broke out the insurrection in Spain against the rule of the French—a movement into which Landor threw himself heart and soul. He raised a small body of troops at his own expense, and joined Blake, who was then campaigning with the insurgents in Galicia. He made considerable gifts of money to the cause of independence, but he can scarcely be said to have covered himself—no reflection on his courage and ardour—with any great amount of military glory. His services were such as to command the public thanks of the Supreme Junta, who conferred upon him the rank of a colonel in the Spanish army. At the restoration of King Ferdinand, the constitution made during the War of Independence—which Sir William Napier characterises as odious and unintelligible to the 'fierce and haughty race' for whose benefit it was designed—being abolished by the king, Landor threw up his commission, and also sent back the official letter of thanks, with the contemptuous message that 'though willing to aid the Spanish people in the assertion of their liberties against the antagonist of Europe, he would have nothing to do with a perjurer and a traitor.'

In May, 1811, Landor married Julia, daughter of Jean Thuillier, Baron Neuveville, of Bath, a lady of Swiss extraction, by whom he had a family of three sons and a daughter. Proverbially May is not a month of good omen for matrimonial adventure; and, when an oblivious bridegroom elect has blindly suggested it for the nuptial season, the blushing and amiable fair has occasionally insinuated the greater advantages of April. It is not necessary to prosecute our researches much further into the reasons that made Landor's married life anything but a life of

bliss, than, with a little charitable superstition, to suppose that the 'incompatibility' which at length enforced a separation from his wife and family was the malific work of a Nemesis set on by the outraged tutelary deities of a month that should be vestal. His disposition was not an ideally domestic one; and his union with jog-trot household virtue would be something like the linking of a comet to the moon, who, recalled now for some centuries from her little impropriety with the shepherd of Latmos, has ever since been perfectly amenable, even in her variations, to the laws of calculation.

The years during which Landor lived in the bosom of his family were spent chiefly at Pisa and at Florence—years which he consecrated to study and the Muses, to the education of his children, and to aspirations for the liberty and happiness of the human race. When the culminating quarrel broke out, Landor, who would better have understood the æsthetic affinities of a Pericles and Aspasia than the ordinary charms of matrimony *à la mode moderne*, showed himself as impulsively generous as he had been constitutionally intolerant. Reversing the process usual in such cases, he left his wife and children in undisturbed possession of his house and the greater part of his fortune; and came over to England to pass at Bath and elsewhere a life of comparative seclusion. It is only a few years ago—we find ourselves recurring to what we professed at the outset to mention and forget, but we take advantage gratefully of proxy when on this topic—it is only a few years ago that 'a grim and unjustifiable sarcasm, launched against a lady who had once been his friend, brought him into trouble before a court of law. There is no need to tell the story once again. Landor had to quit Bath for ever; his books and papers were dispersed by the hammer, and the old man found his rest in Florence; not in his own villa—the celebrated villa of Count Gherardesca at Fiesole—where the "incompatibilities" still existed in full force, but in hired apartments

in the Via Muniziatura.' Here he gathered about him what stood to him in the place of household gods; and here he still employed himself, almost to the last, in fugitive politics, polemics, and literature. Here, finally, on the 17th September, 1864, being at that time within three months of ninety years of age, 'alone with his glory,'—the glory of artistic, scientific, literary, and political associations of the past, the present, and may we not add, of the hopeful future?—he gave back to his Maker his tameless soul.

For this crowning event he had ten years before announced his preparation:—

'Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life.
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.'

The engraving which accompanies this little paper offers to the reader a 'counterfeit presentment,' in which, if he be acquainted with Landor's works, he will please himself in detecting a physiognomical symbolism. There is the full and massy neck, the basis of power and ascendancy, as much developed as of old it was developed in the dominating prophet of Islam. The determination of the thrown-back head is there; the *fierté* of the shaggy eyebrows that invade the expansive, receding brow; and all the mental peculiarities electrically announced in his quick, restless, unquailing eye, which might be fancied to express 'his mighty self-will, his arrogant audacity, his capacity of destructive rage, his fine imagination and fastidious taste, his delicate perception, his want of speculative power, his proneness to paradoxical views, and his tendency to run into extremes.' There is the promise of command visibly and strongly marked in the whole expression; and this, if circumstances and the adamantine angularities of his character forbade that he should exercise it with effect over men, he at least brought to bear upon the armed legions that exercised themselves in his brain—his own ideas. The mouth is untender; and if the lips would but relent a little from their stern compression, and if age had not tarnished the primeval lustre of his



From a Photograph by James H. Smith

WALTER BAYARD LESTER

U. S. Senator from South Carolina

like, than, with a little charitable supposition, to suppose that the "incompatibility" which at length enforced a separation from his wife and family was the main work of a Nemesis set on by the outraged military duties of a month that should be vital. His disposition was not an ideally domestic one; and his quick with pig-trot household shrew would be something like the lacking of a comet to the moon, who pealed now for some distance from her little homogeneity with the shepherd of Lebanon, his every sense keen perfectly sensible, when by her variations, to the laws of calculation.

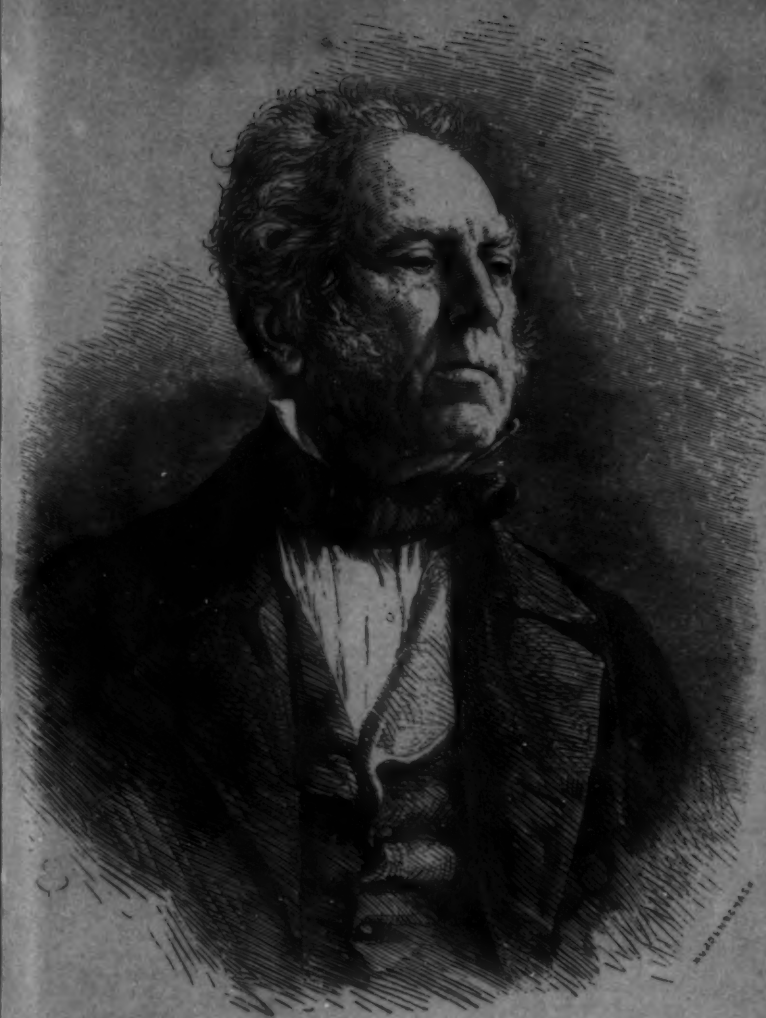
For more years, while I adhered to the tenets of his family, were spent chiefly at Pisa and at Florence—places which he considered to study and the Muse, to the education of his children, and to excursions for the liberty and happiness of the human race. When the increasing gizzard broke out, Landor, who would better have understood the æsthetic attraction of a Tertio and Septimo than the ordinary charms of matrimony &c. soon, however, showed himself as impetuously attracted as he had been enthusiastically repulsed. Reverting his former period in each case, to suit his wife and children in undivided possession of his house and his greater part of his fortune and came over to England to pass at home and elsewhere a life of comparative seclusion. It is only a few years ago—his first marriage occurred in what we perceived at the moment as London and Naples, but as his advantage probably of power, when on the paper—it is only a few years ago that "a grim and unrepentant" unknown, launched against a lady who had once been his friend, brought him into trouble before a court of law. Therein he read to tell the story once again. Landor lost to all both for ever; his books and papers were dispersed by the auctioneer; and the old man found his rest in Florence, not in his own villa—the celebrated villa of Count Marignolles, at Fiesole—where the "incompatibility" still existed in all forms, but in hired apartments

in the Via Mazzini. How he gathered about him what stood to him in the place of household gods; and here he still employed himself, almost to the last, in fugitive politics, polemics, and literature. Here, finally, on the 17th September, 1864, being at that time within three months of ninety years of age, "died with his glory,"—the glory of artistic, scientific, literary, and political associations of the past, the present, and may we not add, of the hopeful future?—he gave back to his Maker his tameless soul.

For this crowning event he had his poets before announced his preparation:—

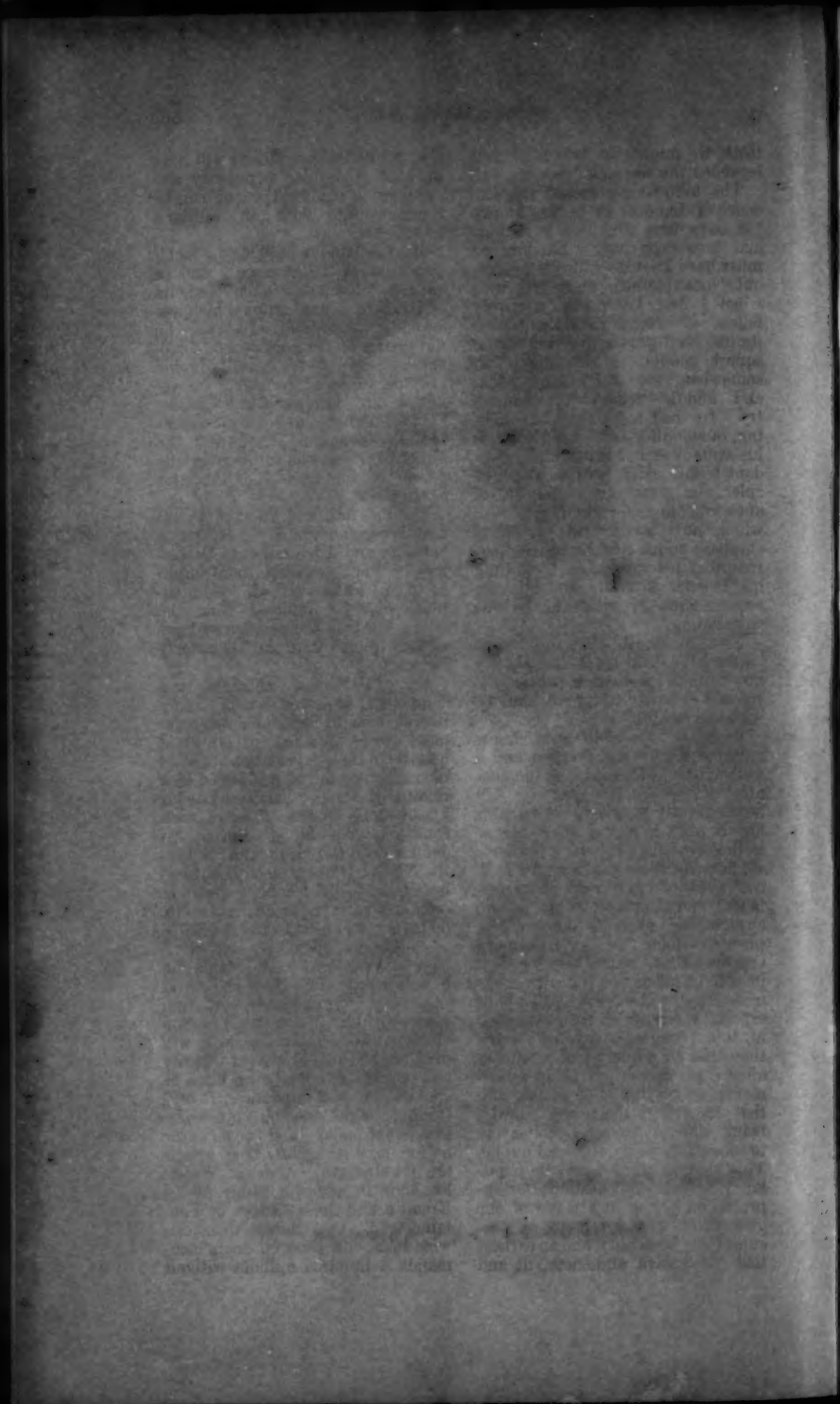
—When I lived, and next to Dante, I live;
I cannot both words before the fire of life.
—(Landon, and I am ready to depart.)

The engraving which accompanies this little paper offers to the reader a "counterfeit presentation" in which, if he be acquainted with Landor's works, he will please himself in detecting a physiognomical symbolism. There is the full and easy neck, the basis of power and ascendancy, as much developed as of old it was developed in the dominating prophet of Israel. The determination of the thrown-back head is there; the *fiery* of the shaggy eyebrows that invade the expansive, soaring brow; and all the mental peculiarities electrically authorized in his quick, restless, unquiescent eye, which might be fancied to express "the mighty self-will, his arrogant animosity, his capacity of destructive sign, his fine imagination and fastidious taste, his delicate perception, his want of speculative power, his proneness to paradoxical views, and his tendency to run into extremes." There is the promise of command—able and strongly marked in the whole expression; and this, if circumstances and the adamantine anarchy of his character forbade that he should exercise it with effect over men, he at least brought to bear upon the armed legions that crowded themselves in his brain—his own ideas. The mouth is over-temper; and if the lips would but relax a little from their stern compression, and if ego had not tarnished the primal lustre of his



From a Photograph by Herbert Waddell.]

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.



teeth, we might see two rows that legended the warning '*cave canem*.'

The following personal reminiscence of Landor, as he was known 'in days long gone by,' is graphic and to our purpose: 'Landor you must have known—a slender, worn-out, loose-clothed man. He was, when I first knew him, a sturdy fellow of rather middle-classish figure, well-grown, but not quite square enough in shoulders, and somewhat too thick in throat and middle region for symmetry. He had a habit, when talking, of standing bolt upright, with his arms close and rather stiffly pendant to his sides, with a stick, or ruler, or some such sceptre of authority in his right hand, with which he smartly beat the air in emphasis to his copious hurried peremptory utterances, as if drilling his listener to ready and cheerful acquiescence in whatever he was enunciating.'

Now at length that he sleeps 'after life's fitful fever,' our charity murmurs the well-worn prayer, *Requiescat in pace!* May his soul be with the saints!

Probably we shall soon know more of his life and doings; and a well-written, judicious, and magnanimous *Apologia pro ejus vita* will be thankfully received. It remains for us only to take a short glance at those writings of which hitherto we have made no mention; to indicate a few of his literary characteristics; and to exhibit in one or two autographic sketches his political prepossessions. Of the 'Imaginary Conversations,' seeing that we shall in a moment or two come to make more lengthy observations that have especial reference to them, we shall in this paragraph say little more than that for a quarter of a century after 1826 they appeared in instalments of varying dimensions, and that they won their way slowly, being addressed almost exclusively to an esoteric and cultivated public. This kind of limited eclectic popularity has its compensation; for appreciation by the fit and few of one generation is a symptom of presumptive classicality, and an earnest that successive audiences, fit and

few, of future generations will heap up such a secular popularity and influence as shall in the long run be commensurate with an author's hopes.

In 1806 Landor published a small poem called '*Simoniaca*;' and in 1812 a '*Commentary on Memoirs of Mr. Fox*,' a production which was speedily suppressed. In 1820 he did justice to the correctness, force, and elegance of his Latin in his '*Idyllia Heroica*,' to which he annexed an interrogative treatise, '*Quæstio quamobrem poetæ Latini recentiores minus legantur*;' the object of which was to discover the reason of the neglect of the later Latin poets.

Landor returned in 1836 to his first love, and issued 'A Satire on Satirists and Admonition to Detractors.' What occasion there might be to call forth such an 'Admonition' may be inferred from the biting words in the passage we have already quoted from the 'Quarterly Review.'

His '*Hellenics*, enlarged and completed,' appeared in 1847. Many liberal men of sanguine temperament were inclined to go great lengths in their expectations of what liberal things might be devised by a reforming Pope. Perhaps Landor kneels alone as the offerer of such frantic homage as appears in his dedication of the '*Hellenics*' to Pius the Ninth. 'Never until now, most holy father, did I hope or desire to offer my homage to any potentate on earth; and now I offer it only to the highest of them all. * * *

You have restored to Italy hope and happiness; to the rest of the world hope only. But a single word from your prophetic lips, a single motion of your earth-embracing arm will overturn the firmest seats of iniquity and oppression. The word must be spoken; the arm must wave. * * * Cunning is not wisdom; prevarication is not policy; and (novel as the notion is, it is equally true) armies are not strength. Acre and Waterloo show it, and the flames of the Kremlin and the solitudes of Fontainebleau. One honest man, one wise man, one peaceful man, commands a hundred millions without

a baton and without a charger. He wants no fortress to protect him: he stands higher than any citadel can raise him, brightly conspicuous to the most distant nations, God's servant by election, God's image by beneficence.

'WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.'

In the space which is representatively occupied in our transcript by asterisks, there is, in the original, the very 'tallest' of writing about Russia and France, their rulers and their immense military resources; but it is writing which does not convince the reader of the strength, so much as of the *possession* of the author. This enthusiasm for the pope had not all evaporated when, in 1851, he published a pamphlet called 'Popery: British and Foreign,' in which, taking the opportunity of inflicting a sly blow at the Anglican Church and some of its dignitaries, he betrays a weakness in favour of that variety of popery which he styles 'foreign.'

In 1854 Landor wrote a number of epistles from 'Jonas Pottinger to Ephraim Maplebury,' ostensibly 'editing' them under the title of 'Letters of an American, mainly on Russia and Revolution,' in which a cursory survey is also taken of European affairs generally. Landor promises, in a dedication to Mr. Gladstone, that 'he, so long as he can mount the steps, will be found in the watch-tower and in the light-house,' an assurance which sets one off into a bemused speculation as to what would have been the political action of England if Landor had ever served as First Lord of the Treasury or as Foreign Minister. With Landor in office, it is pretty certain that Lord John Russell would never have been Sydney Smith's model of self-conscious versatility. Such an event would have been celebrated by the hand-shaking, or quarrelling, or both, of the arctic and antarctic circles; the equator would have jostled with the poles; and the white bear have hugged the tiger of Nepal.

'Should Cromwell have a statue?'—a question which we remember to have been a vexed one before we

well knew who Cromwell was—was no question at all to Landor. If that old Olympian world of the *Dii Majores* were real to him, in which a fickle Jove was seen to glance fitful smiles at a shrewish Juno, there would be little difficulty in effecting a joint tenancy of some nook of his Pantheon by such *Dii Minores* as Oliver Cromwell, the Pope, and Re Diavolo; a trio of which the various members were most scurrilously associated together as confederates by the political poetasters of two centuries ago. In 'The Last Fruit of an Old Tree,' published in 1853, and containing supplementary conversations, scraps, miscellanies, and dramatic fragments, occurs the following volunteered

Inscription for a Statue at St. Ives.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

A GOOD SON, A GOOD HUSBAND,

A GOOD FATHER,

A GOOD CITIZEN, A GOOD RULER

BOTH IN WAR AND PEACE,

WAS BORN IN THIS TOWN.

TO KNOW HIS PUBLIC ACTS

OPEN THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

WHERE IT EXHIBITS IN FEW PAGES

(ALAS TOO FEW!)

THE TITLE OF COMMONWEALTH.

The feeling of the parenthetical part of the offered inscription had not entirely burnt out in 1856, when, dedicating his 'Antony and Octavius: Scenes for the Study,' to the muse-pursuing postman of Devon, 'Edward Capern, Poet and Day-labourer, at Bideford,' he advises him 'to depend not on the favour of royalty; expect nothing from it; for you are not a hound, or a spaniel, or a German prince.'

The 'Dry Sticks Fagoted,' 1858, dedicated 'to L. Kosuth, President of Hungary, preserves for us four lines 'On Southey's Death,' which had been written so long before as March, 1843. We cannot enlarge upon it here; but a whole volume of apology for Landor is to be found in 'this little quatrain, to those who estimate aright the political and other antipathies with which a truce must have been respected, or for which a mutual tolerance must have been exacted, for almost pre-

cisely as long a period as the friendship subsisted:—

'Friends! hear the words my wandering thoughts would say,
And cast them into shape some other day;
Southey, my friend of forty years, is gone,
And, shattered by the fall, I stand alone.'

An awfully pathetic position; and yet it does not evolve pathos. Landor's were fires that did not warm; tears that could not compel the fellowship of tears. With how different a feeling we read, say, such a poem as that inscribed *Πρὸς ἑαυτὸν*, 'To Himself,' by Gregory Nazianzen, in circumstances of more aggravated, and, externally, more dreary loneliness; a poem which, written in poverty, exile, and friendlessness, was at once a dirge and a psalm—the utter distress, the agonised prostration of humanity, and yet its very apotheosis. Landor bears like a Stoic; Gregory like a Christian. Landor is a rock; Gregory at once a sadly, sweetly-singing, dying swan, and a gorgeous Psyche, blithely fluttering on unpriisoned wing.

The style of Landor, as exhibited in his 'Imaginary Conversations,' was robust and masculine; the transcript of an original intellect and an indomitable will. His thoughts, style, opinions, and *orthography* were all his own. A clue to this last may be got by reading the remarkable dialogue between Horne Tooke and Dr. Johnson. The grasp and vigour of his understanding were great; and agreement and disagreement with his postulates or his conclusions are alike thorough and hearty. He is remarkably suggestive and aphoristic. The

Conversations of the Greeks and Romans abound in striking remarks upon government, literature, and the conduct of life. His beauties are natural and spontaneous; and it has been observed that he does not lead his readers a devious chase after ornament. Generally free from affectations, his style is manly, terse, simple, and sometimes even homely. His illustrations are abundant, and frequently felicitous. His success is not so apparent when he attempts the pathetic, or its correlative, the humorous; and his narrative is not eminently smooth or graceful. In his energy he frequently has the air of roughness, approaching to an indecorous vehemence; and in his dramatic impersonation, dramatic verisimilitude is often forfeited. Whoever else may speak in his creations, Landor, Landor, Landor is seldom dumb. The manner of his life served only to fortify this idiosyncratic assertion; and he had little temptation to exhibit modes and fashions in his style any further than those modes and fashions were his own. He was a literary *umbilican*. Thus we account in part for his inclination to paradox and prejudice, and to the defiant obtrusion of opinions that were as strong as they were strange.

It is not likely that, on the whole, we shall soon look on his like again. His is the boast of Jean-Jacques Rousseau—if not better, if not worse, at least he was *other* than his fellow-men. But whether Nature broke for ever the mould in which she fashioned him, *dies declarabit*.

A. H. G.

THE GAME OF CROQUET AND ITS LAWS.

IN 'London Society' for July, 1865, it was stated that the time had well nigh arrived for taking vigorous steps to settle the laws of croquet. It was suggested that a Croquet Committee should be got together, to consider and decide on the rules of the game; so that, instead of the existing anarchy and confusion, there should be one re-

cognized code, occupying the same position in the croquet world as the laws of the Marylebone Club do in the cricket world, or the decisions of the Jockey Club in the racing world.

The suggestion was easy enough to propound; but the outset difficulty in working it was to procure players of sufficient authority to

hind these beyond their own circle. This difficulty has, we think, been solved by the Editor of 'The Field.' He succeeded in bringing together a Committee of players, to whom, in his opinion, the task of composing a code of laws might be fitly entrusted; and the result of the deliberations of the Committee was laid before the public in April last. The code, however, was only provisional. In a leading article, discussion on it was invited; and thus a large circle of readers, numbering many thousands, was in fact made to participate in the final issue.

Here, then, was a croquet parliament, large enough, in all conscience. It is true every reader could not have a vote; but careful attention was promised to all communications; and the Committee virtually bound themselves to 'stand or fall'—this is the correct parliamentary phrase—by the verdict of their critics.

In consequence of the correspondence that ensued, several modifications were made in the original code; and the amended one is now published in book form.*

It is quite certain that this code will be extensively adopted. It must therefore interest all croquet players to have it subjected to a thorough examination. This it is our intention to do in the present article. But before proceeding to that part of our task, we have a few general remarks to make.

The members of the Committee were selected, firstly, in consequence of their practical knowledge of the game of croquet. That the views of these gentlemen are entitled to respect, will, we think, be admitted by any one who carefully peruses their prefatory statement, respecting the implements used in the game, the modes of setting out the ground, and so forth. We proceed to remark on some of the more

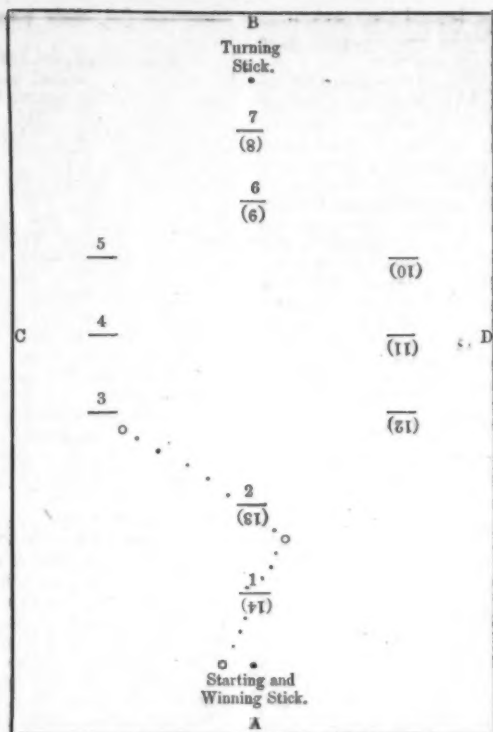
important [of their recommendations.

In their opinion, the best number of players for general purposes is four, two playing against two; and for matches, six. The game of eight unquestionably takes too long to play. Even a game of six, with good players, occupies the best part of an afternoon. Where there is only one ground, and more than four desire to play, we have found it a good plan to divide the candidates into two sets, one set commencing at the starting and winning stick, the other at the turning stick, so that what is the starting stick to one party, is the turning stick to the other. The two games go on simultaneously: the two sets of players interfere scarcely at all with each other. Occasionally a ball, belonging to the other game, lies in the way of a stroke, when it must be taken up while the stroke is made; or the striker in one game has perhaps to wait a moment, while the striker in the other game makes his stroke. But this does not happen often; and the slight inconvenience resulting from it is far outweighed by the increased excitement attending the shorter game.

As regards the ground, it often happens the best that can be obtained is small, inconvenient, and anything but level. In such cases, all that can be done is to make the best of a bad job. But where space can be got, and money is 'no object,' the ground should be level, and of well mown and well rolled grass, not less than thirty yards, nor, for general purposes, more than a hundred yards long, and from twenty to sixty yards wide. This proportion of five to three between length and breadth is the one most approved. The ground should have its boundaries well defined before the play begins.

The hoops may be arranged, as every one knows, in various ways. The plan of the original game is as follows:

* 'Croquet: its Implements and Laws.' Horace Cox, 346, Strand. 1866.



This plan is still much used, and, being less difficult than the improved arrangement, with a hoop, stick, or cage in the middle, is recommended for beginners, or where it is desired not to lengthen the game.

Difficulty is sometimes experienced in setting out the hoops. The following directions will be found to simplify matters:—

A and B are intended to be the exact middle of the breadth (shorter side) of the ground. Measure the distance from A to B, and cut a piece of string one tenth of the length. Thus, if the ground is fifty yards long, cut a string five yards long. This bit of string will serve to fix every hoop and stick accurately at the required distances apart. From A to the starting-stick should be

precisely the length of the string; the same from starting-stick to hoop No. 1; the same to hoop No. 2. Similarly arrange the turning-stick and hoops Nos. 7 and 8, at the other end of the ground. The only hoops now to fix are the side-hoops. These should be parallel to the centre line, and two strings from it on each side, the string falling at right angles to the length, or longer sides (C and D) of the ground. The easiest way to get the side-hoops in position is, when taking the first measurement from A to B, to mark the point half-way between. Then the hoops 4 and 11 can be at once placed two strings from the half-way point, in a straight line towards C and D; and the hoops 3, 5, 10, and 12, each one string from 4 and 11.

The numbers appended to the

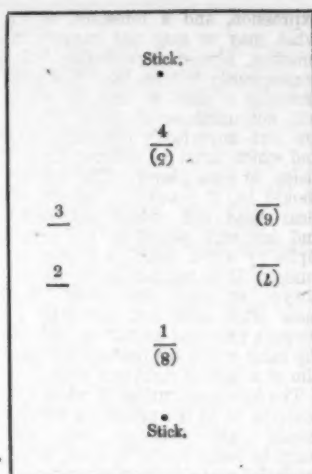
hoops show the order in which they are to be run. This explains itself without comment.

The 'improved' arrangement, as it is called, is set out in much the same way; but the hoops 4 and 11 are taken out, and at the central point of the ground a hoop, cage, or stick is placed. (See Diagram.)

Here the order of running is three hoops and a stick, four times repeated. The game, played in this way, has the disadvantage of being longer than the other; but it is more scientific, and more in accordance with the spirit of the game, as it brings the balls more frequently together at the middle of the ground, leads to more croqueting, and gives the players who are behind a better chance of improving their position.

The disadvantage of this plan, to our thinking, is that it lengthens a game which is already too long. Popular games, such as whist and billiards, derive a portion of their interest from the rapidity with which they are brought to a conclusion. The excitement culminates towards the finish of the game. If a player knows it will be three hours before he reaches the winning-stick 'in order,' it naturally follows that his interest in the game is not so great at starting as it would be were the result less distant. For this reason we are inclined to give up 'stick in the middle,' at all events in domestic play, and even further to shorten the game by removing some of the hoops. This innovation will doubtless be regarded with all proper horror by the well-constituted croquet-playing mind, which being to a great extent, certainly more than half, feminine, is essentially conservative. To croquet conservatives we say, 'Do as we have done; try the game with fewer hoops, and if you do not like it, return to the old plan.'

With a view to shortening the game, we have instituted a series of experiments, and we assure our readers that a most interesting game results from six hoops, or even four. For four balls, two being partners against two, we recommend six hoops, thus disposed:—



We find that the game played on this plan by four good players averages three-quarters of an hour, which is quite long enough.

This plan, too, has an advantage where the ground is small, and especially where it is short, as the length of six strings (see explanation of setting out the hoops, p. 509) suffices in the place of ten.

For six balls a capital game may be played with only four hoops, hoops 2 and 3 (see last diagram) being taken out, and a hoop placed half way between them; the same with hoops 6 and 7; so that the four hoops correspond to the four corners of a diamond. And, where time presses, or where others are waiting to play, this plan is well adapted for four balls, the game lasting about half an hour.

We now proceed to the second reason for choice of members of the Committee. In the second place, then, they were selected on account of their having given much attention to the laws of sports and pastimes. This consideration is of more importance than at first sight appears. Drawing up a good code of laws is a most difficult literary feat. It requires an intimate acquaintance with the subject, unusual clearness of thought and

expression, and a foresight, as to what may or may not happen in practice, almost superhuman. It consequently follows, that however carefully a code is framed, cases will not unfrequently occur which are but imperfectly provided for, and which must be referred for decision to some player. The referee should be, if possible, a person of clear head and sound judgment, and one well versed in the principles by which decisions should be guided. If he happens to be a good lawyer, so much the better; for cases often arise not unworthy a lawyer's practised acuteness, and of the habit which his profession gives him of weighing right and wrong.

The following outline of what we conceive to be the principles which should guide decisions, may, we fancy, be found useful by many who are called on to do duty as umpires. By keeping such principles well in mind, and construing the laws by their light, the arbitrator will find himself materially assisted.

1. The first object of the laws of games is to prevent an unfair advantage being gained by any one.

2. There should be a penalty for all errors or irregularities by which the player (or his side) may profit; but there should be no penalty for errors by which he who commits them cannot possibly gain an advantage.

3. Penalties should be proportioned, as nearly as possible, to the gain which might ensue if the offence were allowed to pass unchallenged.

4. No player should be allowed to profit by his own blunders.

5. Each case must be judged, not by the intention of the player interested, but by that which might have been the intention of a person disposed to avail himself of an unfair advantage.

6. Where two or more players are in fault, it should be considered with whom the first fault lies, and how far it induced or invited the subsequent error of the opponent.

7. Disputes as to questions of fact (where there is no umpire, or where the umpire professes himself unable to decide) should be decided in fa-

vour of the player, he being entitled to the benefit of reasonable doubt.

8. Questions of law should be decided liberally. The application of the law being doubtful, it should be interpreted according to the spirit rather than the letter. Nevertheless, the umpire should bear in mind the extreme general inconvenience of a lax interpretation of laws, and should insist on the game being played strictly.

9. Lastly, there are in all, or almost all games, *leges non scriptæ*, to the infraction of which it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to apply a penalty. The only remedy for infractions of these is to cease to play with persons who habitually disregard the established etiquette of the game.

The laws of the croquet Committee are very properly preceded by definitions of the terms used in the game. These are fortunately few.

The term *in order* is well understood by every croquet player. It signifies the sequence of hoops, &c., which have to be run. A player having run No. 1, must take No. 2 'in order,' that is, if he takes No. 3, or any other hoop, before having taken No. 2, he gains no point by it. Of course the game is won by the side that first drives all their balls through all the hoops 'in order,' and hits all the sticks 'in order.'

The terms *in play* and *in hand* present more difficulty. As a great many nice points turn on the question whether a ball is 'in play' or not, it is important to comprehend precisely the meaning of the terms, and they are by no means easy of definition. We quote the definition of the Committee, which we think very clear.

'A ball is "in play" as soon as it has run the first hoop. It continues in play till it makes a roquet, when it is "in hand." A ball "in hand" must take croquet, and can score no point until it has done so. Having taken croquet it is again "in play;" but it is not permitted to roquet again the ball or balls it has croqueted for the remainder of its turn, unless it makes another point. Having made another point, it is "in

play" again to all the balls, as at the commencement of its turn.'

As a ball is either 'in hand' or 'in play' throughout the game, the privileges and disabilities of every ball are, or may be, affected by this definition at every stroke. It is very important, then, to consider this definition in relation to its consequences. Before doing this, however, we must distinctly understand the technical words which occur in the definition, viz., 'run a hoop,' 'roquet,' 'take croquet,' 'point,' and 'turn.'

Running a hoop means, as everybody knows, sending a ball through it by a blow of the mallet. It must be run 'in order' and in the right direction, and the whole of the ball must go through, or the hoop is not 'run.' If the ball remains under the hoop, and it is doubtful whether the ball is *quite* through, the question is decided by applying a straight edge behind the hoop, the hoop being of course perpendicular. If the straight edge (the handle of the mallet is commonly used for this purpose) touches the ball, the hoop is not 'run.'

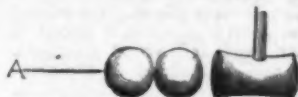
Roquet is made by the striker driving his own ball, by a blow of the mallet, against another ball. If he is 'in play' to the other ball, the 'roquet' gives him the privilege of a *croquet* off the hit ball.

People frequently confuse between roquet and croquet, evidently not understanding what a roquet means. We constantly hear such expressions as 'I have croqueted your ball,' instead of 'roqueted' it. The two terms 'roquet' and 'croquet' must be carefully distinguished in the player's mind, and especially in the arbitrator's, or his decisions will be valueless.

Croquet is taken in this way. The striker places his ball in contact with the one roqueted, and strikes his own with the mallet. After the croquet, the striker is entitled to another stroke.

Croquet may be taken either with the striker's foot fixed firmly on his own ball while he strikes, when it is called a 'tight' croquet, or without the foot, when it is termed a 'loose' croquet.

Loose croquet may be varied in several ways. The two balls may be placed directly behind one another, so that they and the long axis of the head of the mallet are in the same straight line when taking the stroke. This is 'loose croquet'



Relative position of balls and mallet in taking loose and rolling croquet, causing ball or balls to roll in direction of A.

proper. The effect of a quick sharp stroke under these circumstances is to cause the striker's ball to remain almost stationary, and to drive the other forwards. Where the striker wishes to keep his own ball perfectly still, and yet not to take tight croquet, he may accomplish his object by striking his own ball below the centre, the effect being similar to that of putting on sufficient screw to stop one's ball when playing for a 'slick' hazard at billiards. At croquet this is called a 'dead' stroke. Another way of playing loose croquet is to roll the balls on together. This is called 'rolling croquet.' In making this stroke, the balls are placed directly behind each other, as before, but in striking, the mallet is allowed to follow the ball, and this causes the two balls to roll on in company. Yet another way, called 'splitting croquet,' is to place the



Relative position of balls and head of mallet in taking splitting croquet, causing balls to split in directions of B and C.

balls, not in the same straight line with the long axis of the head of the mallet, but at an angle to it. This causes the balls to fly in opposite directions, or to split. A split-

ting croquet may be taken with as little disturbance as possible of the non-striker's ball. On some grounds it has been the custom not to insist on any movement of the second ball, provided the two touch; and hence this mode of taking splitting croquet has received the name of 'taking two off.' It is still disputed whether moving the second ball should be compulsory or not. In the opinion of the Committee the non-striker's ball should 'be made to move, however slightly, to the satisfaction of the captains or their umpire.' This seems to us to be a practical giving up of the moving. The striker will always contend that the ball did move 'very slightly,' and surely a captain or an umpire, who is at least several yards off, cannot be so well qualified to give an opinion as the player who is close. The umpire, therefore (for of course the captains never agree on a disputed question of fact), will, with the power of observing only at a distance, have constantly to pit his eyesight and judgment against that of the striker. If he is severe, disputes and ill-feeling will often arise; if he is lenient, the rule as it at present stands comes, as we before said, to taking 'two off' in the strict acceptation of the words, that is, without making any perceptible split.

There is another objection to insisting on a motion that is only just visible, and that is, that it leaves to the judgment of the umpire, or players if there is no umpire, that which might be settled with equal fairness without such appeal. *Slight* movement being the test of the fairness of the stroke, the most delicate appreciation of a motion only lasting a second will be required in every croquet captain or umpire. The adverse captain will have to judge in a moment of excitement whether or not a ball moved 'however slightly,' and the umpire will have to give the casting vote. This is a strain to which we should not like to subject ourselves; but were we ever so unfortunate as to accept the post of umpire in a croquet match, we should always decide that the ball *did* move to our 'satisfaction.'

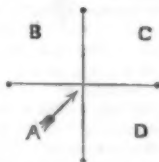
In domestic croquet, where there is no umpire and only an apology for a captain, should a dispute arise as to the fact of moving, it should be remembered that it is only A's assertion *versus* B's, and that the player should have the benefit of the doubt, in accordance with general principle No. 3.

To return to the definitions.

A point is made on (a) running a hoop, or (b) hitting a stick, or (c) running a cage, each, of course, 'in order.'

We have already stated what constitutes 'running' a hoop. A stick is hit when the striker's ball is seen to move it, or when the sound of the ball against it is heard. It has been suggested that a bail should be placed on the top of the stick, and that the stick shall not be deemed to be hit unless the bail falls. But in practice it seldom happens that there is any question as to the hit, and a bail would be a complication. It is a question, however, whether in a grand match bails should be used.

A cage is run when the ball has passed through it in *any* direction. Thus, a ball entering the cage at A,



runs it if it emerges at B, C, or D. It does not matter whether the ball is going up or down the ground, whether it is for hoop 5 or hoop 12 (see diagram and page 510, first paragraph), it may always run the cage in any direction. If it is doubtful whether the ball on emerging is *quite* through the cage, the question is decided by a straight-edge, as in the case of running a hoop.

A turn is simply the innings of any one player.

We are now in a position to understand the bearings of the definition of the terms 'in hand' and 'in play.'

A ball is in hand as soon as it has made a roquet. It takes croquet, after which it is in hand only to the ball roqueted for the remainder of that turn, or until it has made another point. If it roquets another ball, it similarly remains in hand to it after the croquet, and so on. It follows from this that croquet can only be taken once in each turn from each ball, unless another point is made. A second roquet may be made on a ball previously roqueted without a point being made in the interval, as for instance for the purpose of driving away, cannoning, &c.; but such roquet does not entitle to a croquet, as the striker is in hand to the ball roqueted. The striker's turn ends there, unless by the same stroke he makes a point, or roquets another ball to which he is 'in play.' In this case he can go on with his turn, the roquet of the ball to which he is in hand being of no more advantage or disadvantage than hitting a stick or a stone that might happen to lie on the grass.

Now for an illustration or two. A ball that has not run the first hoop makes a roquet on a ball lying in its way, and then by the same stroke runs the hoop. What is the law? Decision.—The striker's ball is not 'in play' until it has run the first hoop; consequently, before running the hoop, a roquet on another ball is null and void. It no more affects the striker's ball than if it had hit a stone or a lump of dirt.

Take another case. The striker roquets first one ball and then another by the same stroke, as in cannoning at billiards. To what is he entitled? Merely to one croquet, which must be taken off the ball first hit. When he hits the second ball he is 'in hand,' and the second roquet is therefore null and void.

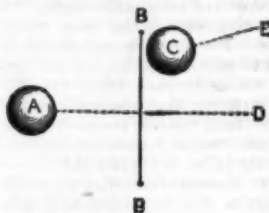
A little difficulty sometimes arises when a cannon is made on two balls that are close together, in deciding which ball was hit first. If there is any reasonable doubt, the striker has his choice for the croquet.

As a third case, suppose the striker finds his ball touching another when it comes to his turn to play. It is clear that he may hit his own, hard or soft, and under all circumstances

he has roqueted the ball he was touching. He must next take croquet off it.

A fourth case. A rover (i.e. a ball that has run all its hoops) roquets a ball to which it is 'in play,' and then cannons on to the winning stick. Is the rover dead? Decision.—No. After the roquet, the striker's ball is 'in hand,' and can make no point until it has taken croquet.

Lastly, for a more difficult illustration, the illustration being of a point that often occurs. The striker's ball (A) goes through a hoop (B B), and at the same stroke roquets a ball C, which is lying on the far side of the hoop.



A, striker's ball, placed for its hoop, B B, 'in order.'

To what score is A entitled?

To answer this question, we must bear in mind these two principles. First, that a ball has not 'run' its hoop until it is wholly through. Second, that a ball is 'in hand' the instant it makes a roquet.

If, then, in this case, the ball A is driven in the direction D, so as just to roquet C, on its extreme edge, it is clear that A would be entirely through the hoop at the moment of the roquet. A would therefore have run its hoop, and would also afterwards have roqueted C. It would therefore count the hoop, and be entitled, in addition, to take croquet from the ball C.

But if A were driven against C, in the direction E, so as to hit C nearly or quite full, and were then to roll on through the hoop, the case would be different. A would not be entitled to count the hoop, for at the moment of the roquet it would only be partly through, and when it afterwards rolled through, would be

'in hand,' and a ball in hand can score no point. It would, however, be entitled to count the roquet if 'in play' to c at the commencement of the stroke. If desirous of running the hoop, A would have to take 'two off,' and if placed for its hoop by the first stroke, could run it on the second, when, having made a point, it would again be 'in play' to c, and could roquet it again and take croquet off it.

It is obvious that between the directions D and E many lines could be drawn at which it would be doubtful whether A was wholly through or not at the time of the roquet. If the question of fact is disputed, the striker should have the benefit of reasonable doubt.

We now come to the laws themselves. But we have said so much by anticipation with regard to them that we shall pass them through very rapidly. One recommendation of the laws under review is that they are clearer, fewer, and shorter than any other published set.

First, the relation of play has to be decided on, the captain of each side allotting the colours as he pleases.

The first stroke is made by placing the ball anywhere not exceeding one mallet's length from the starting stick, and striking it towards the first hoop. If this point is made, the player is entitled to another stroke. If he fails to run the first hoop (and this is the *pons asinorum* of unskilful players, and often is not run), his ball is taken off the ground till its next turn comes round.

Some players object to taking up the ball. They think it a premium on bad play, and would like the ball to remain where it rolled. We think, however, the rule is best as here given. For were it otherwise, the first player, if skilful, might play to lay his ball just in front of the first hoop, and so, effectually block it for the next player, which would give the first an unnecessary advantage. And a bad player might do the same by chance, and so gain a benefit by his own stupidity.

The striker having run a hoop, has the privilege of continuing his turn, so long as he succeeds in making a point in order, or a roquet

on a ball in play. Having made roquet, he must next take croquet, after which he is entitled to another stroke.

A question might arise out of this rule in the case of a rover roqueted against the winning stick. Of course the striker cannot take croquet, as the rover is dead. But is he entitled to another stroke? The Committee have ruled that he is not, and we believe we are correct in stating it as their reason that in most cases the roquet of the rover against the stick is due more to luck than to skill. Putting the rover out is of itself a great advantage, and the striker has no claim to a special exception to the rule that after a roquet he must take croquet before his next stroke. In furtherance of this view it is obvious that, knowing the law, the striker would, if the balls were close together, play to avoid roqueting the rover against the stick when he would be entitled to croquet the rover against the stick if he pleased, and to another stroke. In practice, therefore, it would only happen that the rover is roqueted against the stick by a fluky stroke from a distance.

A ball driven through its hoop or cage or against its stick 'in order' by the antagonists counts that point, and at its next turn is 'in order' for the next point, just as though the player had made the previous one by his own play. A case might arise out of this of a ball driven through by a ball which is not in play to it. Thus: A has been croqueted by B, after which B, not having made a point meanwhile, drives A through its hoop 'in order.' B is in hand to A. Does A count the hoop? Decision—Yes; B is in hand to A, but A is not in hand to B.

It has been much disputed whether a ball which rolls through its hoop and then rolls back should be entitled to the hoop or not, some maintaining the principle that the moment the whole ball has been through, the hoop is run; others, that the decision of the entire going through is attended with great difficulty, and that it is much simpler to judge the running by the ulti-

mate resting-place of the ball. The Committee prefer the principle that going through is going through, but they lay down that the running must be established to the satisfaction of the captains or of the umpire.

The principle that the whole of a ball must go through to constitute a run, comes out again in the following. A ball driven back through its hoop 'in order' the reverse way to which it is going, and resting under the hoop, is not through if a straight edge applied in front of the hoop touches the ball; consequently, under these circumstances, the striker at his next turn cannot run the hoop by hitting the ball through it the right way, the reason being that the *whole* of the ball has not been through the hoop in the right direction, but only that portion of it which went through in the wrong direction.

We now come to the most important law of the lot. It is that the course of the mallet in striking must be across the body from left to right or from right to left. This regulation is intended to do away with the front stroke. Either one or both hands may be used, but the nearest to the head of the mallet must be eighteen inches at least from it. When the mallet is held in this way, and its course in striking is across the body (*i. e.* at right angles, or nearly so, to the long axis of the player's feet), the abominable practice of 'spooning' is almost impossible.

If a ball is not fairly hit, but in the opinion of the umpire is pushed or spooned, and if the regulations of the law just quoted are not complied with, all benefit from the stroke is lost: the ball is to be replaced to the satisfaction of the adverse captain, and the player loses his turn.

In domestic play, where there is no umpire, it will be difficult to enforce this penalty. The fact is, every one knows what is spooning and what is not; and where players will not make their strokes fairly, the only remedy is the one pointed out in general principle No. 9.

We have no space to enter into the vexed question of whether it is

or is not advisable to permit spooning; but we may express our strong conviction that our spooning days are over, and that all really scientific players have adopted, or will ere long adopt, the stroke across the body, which, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, is in common parlance designated the *side* stroke.

Strokes must be given with the end of the head of the mallet, and not with the side. If a wire is in the way, so that the whole length of the mallet's head cannot be got down to strike the ball in the desired direction, the striker must be contented either to play in some other direction or to make a cramped stroke.

Balls struck beyond the boundaries of the ground must be at once replaced half a mallet's length within the edge, measured from the spot where they went off, at right angles to the margin.

The only debatable point here is whether the half mallet's length should be measured from the point where the ball went off, or from the point nearest the margin from where it stopped. The rule given above seems to us the correct one, as after a ball has left the boundary it is out of the game till replaced, and there is no occasion to take into account what it does or where it rolls.

Players, on being appealed to, are bound to declare which is their next point in order; and on this ground, that croquet is not a game of memory, and it is therefore advisable to render the scoring as little burdensome as possible. Clips and indicators are sometimes used, but our experience, like that of the Committee, is that they are 'more plague than profit.'

As regards the penalties for various offences, the one most open to argument is that respecting the slipping of the ball from under the foot when taking tight croquet. According to the laws before us, the player who allows his ball to slip loses his next stroke, *i. e.*, the remainder of his turn. The reason for this law is, that in taking tight croquet the intention is to send the croquetted ball as far as possible, and that privilege, it is considered,

should be permitted only on condition that the striker's ball is held firmly; that, in fact, he shall not have the double advantage of sending his adversary miles away, and of allowing his own ball to slip a short distance. On the other hand it is argued that it is a presumable disadvantage to the player to slip his ball, as he has the option of loose croquet, and the fact of his electing to take tight croquet shows that he considers it his best game to remain where he is. There is much to be said on both sides; but as the Committee have decided to retain the penalty, we hope, for the sake of uniformity, that their view will be endorsed by the public.

There is a point connected with this penalty that should, we think, be legislated for in a note. It is this. Suppose a rover, in taking tight croquet, slips his ball against the winning stick, is he 'dead'? We should decide that he is, on the ground that he cannot claim exemption from a penalty which accrued in consequence of an illegal act. If he rolls against the winning stick by his own irregular act, we think he should suffer for it.

If a ball while rolling is touched or stopped by the player or his side, the player ceases to play for that turn. If by the other side, the striker may at his option take his stroke again, or, if entitled to another stroke, may proceed with the balls left where they stopped.

If the striker croquets a ball which he is not entitled to croquet, he loses the remainder of his turn, and the ball or balls moved are to be replaced. If the error is not discovered before the player has made his next stroke, the croquet is valid, and the player continues his turn as though no error had been committed. Similarly, if the striker, while in the act of striking, hits a ball other than his own, he loses the remainder of his turn, and the ball improperly hit is to be replaced to the satisfaction of the adverse captain.

With all deference to the Committee, we are inclined to think this is a double penalty, and that it would be sufficient to give the adversary

the option of replacing the balls, and of allowing the striker to play the stroke again, or of compelling him to lose the remainder of his turn, the balls being left as moved.

If a player makes a second hit (as *e.g.* seeing that the first is not hard enough) he loses his turn, and the balls are to be replaced.

Playing out of turn with the right or wrong ball loses all benefit from any point or points made in the turn played in error, and the balls hit are to be left where they are, or are to be replaced where they were at the commencement of the turn, at the option of the adverse captain, and the person who ought to have played takes the turn, as he would have done had no error been made. If the mistake is not discovered till after the next striker, either in or out of turn, has played his first stroke, all strokes made in error must be allowed to stand and to count, and the rotation proceeds from the striker who is playing. In this case, if the previous striker had used the wrong ball, his ball and the one he played with are to be transposed, and the points made by the previous striker count to his ball.

If a player in his proper turn plays with the wrong ball, he loses his turn and all benefit from the stroke, and the ball or balls moved are to be replaced; but if he has made a second stroke before the error is discovered, his strokes are valid, and he continues to play with the wrong ball for the remainder of that turn. At its conclusion the striker's proper ball and the one he played with are to be transposed, and in their next turns the players play in rotation with their right balls.

If a ball is moved in taking aim it should in strictness (*e.g.* in a match) count as a stroke; but in ordinary play it is sufficient to let the ball be replaced to the satisfaction of the adverse captain.

So much, then, for the laws of croquet. We think the Committee deserve the hearty thanks of all croquet lovers; and though on some minor points we do not altogether coincide with them, nothing would give us greater pleasure than to see their rules universally recognized.

TACT.

'THERE is a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to speak and a time to keep silence.'

In quoting these words of the Preacher, we have no desire to preach, or to moralize upon undisputed truths. Our object is very different. We wish to speak of *tact*, which may be said to be the knowledge when and how to speak and to act; and hence the words of the Preacher seem to form an apt introduction to the remarks we propose to make.

Gifted as we are with powers of mind and body, of thought, speech, and action; living amongst human beings possessing like faculties and passions; we find ourselves encompassed by difficulties out of which we cannot escape, unless we practically acknowledge that to everything there is a season.

The word *tact* is really a French word; but by use and custom it has become naturalized; and nowhere can we find any other word—certainly none in the English language—to express its meaning.

The French *tact* is in its first sense, 'le sens du toucher;' but it has also a further and figurative meaning, 'le jugement fin et délicat;' and a person who has *tact* is said 'd'avoir le jugement fin et subtil.'

It is not discretion, for that is the art of directing oneself; nor experience, which is knowledge gained by practice: but it is something distinct from these, and infinitely more delicate. Discretion and experience may be acquired; but *tact* is innate—may almost be called a natural instinct, an intuitive guide, which not all, but only a few possess. 'L'homme qui joint à l'expérience, le tact des convenances est aussi rare qu'il est utile.' Rare indeed! for how frequently do we find men of genius, of cultivated intellect, failing in the game of life because they have not this invaluable gift. For want of it, even wise and kind men go blundering on, saying and doing the most *mal-à-propos* things, marring their in-

fluence, and wounding where they least desire to wound. Beauty, wit, and talent acquire a tenfold greater influence when combined with *tact*. A beautiful woman without *tact* is closely allied to the 'fair woman without discretion;' and the man of wit and humour, who knows not when to exercise his talents, converts himself and his jests into a nuisance.

Tact has especial reference to the proprieties of life—to what is reasonable and fit. This is well expressed in the French saying which we have quoted, 'Le tact des convenances.' It is the salt which seasons other great and good gifts that we value so highly. It adds a grace to the smallest acts, and embellishes mediocrity more than anything else, giving it a power and a place which it would otherwise fail to attain.

There have always been men of very moderate ability, who have been able to take and maintain a prominent position in the political world, for the simple reason that they have *tact*, which prevents their making mistakes, enables them to reconcile and remove opposition, and to take advantage of favourable circumstances as they arise.

We have at this moment before our minds a very striking illustration of this in a statesman who, with a moderate amount of talent, has attained to considerable eminence through his consummate *tact*. It may have been owing to his early and intimate acquaintance with French men and women, who certainly excel us in this respect; or, more likely still, that he inherited it from his parents, who also were remarkable for it—his father, a man of great reputation in the diplomatic world, and his mother conspicuous for the way in which she could gather together men of every shade of opinion, without offending any, because she was so encompassed with an atmosphere of *tact*, that her very presence softened animosities and promoted good humour, making even a 'sunshine in a shady place.'

Lord Palmerston was conspicuous for the tact with which he ruled over the House of Commons for so many years; and a living prelate possesses almost too large a share of this great gift.

Tact is like the soft answer that turneth away wrath. It mollifies, it soothes, it reconciles. It teaches men how to give and take. As the expert angler knows when to run out his line and to play with his fish, so the man of tact knows, by a kind of instinct, all the turns and twists of those among whom he lives, and can wait till the convenient season comes before he speaks or acts. Herein lies the secret of his success in life. He wastes neither words nor time in needless discussions, but, like the prudent husbandman, keeps his store ready against the time of need.

We have often heard it said by those who affect to despise it, that tact is a kind of hypocrisy. But this is a great mistake. There is no affinity between the two. There is no more want of truth in tact than there was in him who desired to be 'all things to all men.' Hypocrisy is pretending to be what we are not. What relation, then, can it have to that which is the knowledge when and what to say and do? We are not bound to blurt out all we think and know, at the bidding of any fool that asks a question. We are not living in such a Palace of Truth that we are bound to expose all the workings of our minds to the public gaze; nor are we bound to take upon ourselves the odious office of Mentor to our friends and acquaintance, and show our approval or disapproval of things that are happening around us. But it will be found that they who would depreciate tact are either persons of very brusque manners, or exaggerated specimens of that characteristic which is peculiar to English men and women. We say 'exaggerated specimens,' because we refer to an intensity of that blunt honesty upon which our countrymen pride themselves; and one can well imagine that they who consider it to be a duty to say what comes into their

minds, irrespective of time, and place, and society, must be 'ver intolerant of that tender consideration and instinctive thoughtfulness for others which is comprised in that one most expressive word, tact. The greatest harm we would wish them is, that they may experience its blessing, and then acknowledge its value. Then will they, we would fain hope, inflict less pain upon their friends, whom they so continually 'flay alive.'

It was cleverly and amusingly said of a mother and daughter, who are apt illustrations of the two qualities of mind now under discussion, that the mother was continually going about to put plaster on the wounds which her daughter made—the mother always saying and doing the right thing, and putting the world into good-humour with itself; the daughter 'frumping' everybody, and, 'honest as the day,' always saying some unpalatable truth for which there was no necessity.

Wounds indeed they are which these anti-tact people inflict, and very deep wounds too. If there is a sore point—a tender subject—a raw anywhere, it is unfailingly hit; not maliciously, nor intentionally; but because they lack that invisible rein to guide and control them.

How often have we seen some poor victim almost vivisected during a morning call, when question after question is indiscreetly asked in the most blind and pertinacious manner, utterly regardless of the torture that is being inflicted.

How often have we seen the 'cat let out of the bag,' and heard the secret told, or been let behind the scenes by some unfortunately communicative person, who is sure to say what ought not to be said. There is an amusing story told of a lady who was complimented upon a speech which her husband had made at some public meeting where he was anxious, for sufficient reasons, to create a sensation. Her friend, seeing how much pleasure he gave, continued speaking upon the subject, especially commenting upon a particular line of argument which he considered to be well and

conclusively put. 'Ah!' she said, 'I am very glad you were struck by that; for, dear fellow, he took so much pains with that passage.' So she, for want of tact, lost to her husband for ever the reputation he so much desired, of having made an impromptu speech.

An impatient temper which cannot brook delays, but insists upon a hearing and a reply, regardless of the 'convenient season,' is utterly subversive of all tact, and is a direct rebellion against its very first principles.

But if there is one subject which more than any other needs the aid of tact, it is the education of the young. It is said that one great secret of education is in knowing what to notice and what to pass over unnoticed. Sometimes the germ of a very serious fault may lie hidden beneath some inoffensive habit which escapes comment, if not attention; while that which is but a passing phase of childhood or youth, and which would not leave a trace behind, becomes the object of the severest and most irritating scrutiny.

How often these precious early years, which should be years of happiness wherein we lay up, as in a storehouse, the antidote for coming sorrows and trials, are embittered by tactless management. The very evils which it is so much desired to eradicate are fixed by the way in which they are combated.

A parent, a governess, or a tutor, has a theory about education, and must bend the child or pupil to it, utterly regardless of the peculiar constitution of its mind. Some particular virtue is, perhaps, to be inculcated, and by continually harping upon it it becomes odious in the pupil's eyes; or it may be desired that a particular friendship should be formed in order that some quality, or grace, or tone of thought should be cultivated, but by perpetually forcing it upon the pupil feelings of envy or dislike are engendered. We remember to have heard that, when a man was asked why he disliked another who was really worthy of his regard, he said, 'he could not tell, unless it was

that when they were young he was always crammed down his throat as a pattern boy.'

Nor is this all. In the daily intercourse of life we find ourselves constrained to keep some people at a distance, for fear of what they may say or do. We dare not expose our inmost feelings and tenderest memories to their rough and impatient handling.

The absence of tact also blunts men's perceptions. They cannot appreciate those delicate shades of character which go far to make a man great. We have not long since had a striking instance of this in a controversy that has taken place, in which one of the most remarkable men of our times has laid bare the workings of his own mind, and has shown to the world at large how deficient his adversary is in that delicate instinct called tact, which would have enabled him to have understood and respected the transparent beauty of that character which is not the less beautiful in that it is unlike his own.

In society we find a just tribute paid to it in the welcome that is invariably given to the man who possesses this gift. He says the right thing at the right time, and in the right place. He puts every one at his ease. There is none of that 'sitting upon thorns' as to what he may say or do. He never outstays his welcome; never obtrudes himself where he is not wanted; is never *gauche*; and when he takes his leave we are conscious that something pleasant has come from us.

Generally speaking, the selfish, the vain, the conceited have no tact, for it involves a certain amount of the spirit of self-sacrifice; neither does it take up its abode by the side of ambition or self-will; nor does it associate with irreverence or a dictatorial and domineering temper.

It prefers the will of others to its own; with gentleness it abstains from wounding another's feelings, and treats adverse opinions with respect, having an especial reverence for the aged and infirm, or those who have a natural claim upon its dutiful consideration. It cannot

exist where there is not some self-discipline and self-control, for its very essence lies in quiet forgetfulness of self and tender consideration for others.

It is a beautiful and touching sight to see the young acting upon its impulses. Youth is especially the age of thoughtlessness—the present absorbing every other interest; but when this gives place to a tender and almost sensitive regard for the feelings and wants of others, and the young put a constraint upon themselves that they may not say or do what can displease, it is a sight which is as beautiful as it is rare.

It has often occurred to us as doubtful whether it ever goes hand in hand with great intellectual vigour. Of course there are exceptions to every rule; but, generally speaking, we very much doubt whether, by one of those just laws of compensation, it does not belong rather to moderate ability. We are inclined to think that it has no place with very high intellectual power, which is apt to absorb into itself all other lesser things, and cannot condescend to those smaller details which make up our daily life. We do not say that it is so: we merely throw it out as a suggestion, as a possibility. But if it be so, it accounts for the way in which so many of our greatest men have it not; why it generally belongs to women; why the French are so conspicuous for it, for, as a nation, they are not such deep thinkers as either the German or

the English, amongst whom it is more rarely found.

It certainly exists among the poor, and among the country poor, who are more simple in their tastes. It seems to us to be one of those gifts by which the balance of good and evil is equalized in the world.

Precious gift! 'Ansei rare qu'il est utile.' How can it be obtained? That is the question, for we must all desire it; and to this we can only reply that we believe it cannot be acquired; that it is a natural instinct, a sixth sense, which is given only to a few. As there are some who have a talent for music or drawing, others for the study of foreign languages or for philosophy, so there are others who have this gift of tact, by which they are enabled to avoid the shoals and quicksands, the Scylla and Charybdis which founder the barks of other men.

To what purpose then, you may ask, have we introduced the subject, if it may not be attained like many other graces? To this we reply that if we have been able to dissociate it in the minds of any from hypocrisy, from uncertain and double dealing, we shall have gained our point; for there are so many who have persuaded themselves that it is contemptible and inconsistent with true manliness of character, whereas we believe it to be one of the rarest and greatest gifts we can possess, which will enable us, if we fortunately possess it, to do much good in our generation.



FREDERICK LEMAITRE.

MAKING my annual round of the Parisian theatres last October, I took a stall one night at the Ambigu Comique, that popular old playhouse of which About discourses so delightfully in 'Les Vacances de la Contesse,' 'cette vieille salle de l'Ambigu, trempée de larmes,' as he calls it. It was no very pleasant sight I saw. A worse company, for the purpose of *ensemble*, was never collected even on the boards of an English theatre; the audience were scanty and listless, and given to laughing at the pathetic moments; and the star of the evening was a broken-down old man, the 'stagiest' of the stags, difficult to hear and sad to see—showing occasional flashes of a by-gone talent, visible only to those who had heard and read, as I had, of the actor's past greatness. And it needed the name on the *affiche* to assure me that this was Frederick Lemaître. As if to stimulate our flagging interest, an itinerant vendor was hawking about the theatre a full and true account of the life of M. Frederick Lemaître, in which I invested fifty centimes, in order to refresh my memory, and see if this could indeed be the 'Ruy Blas' and 'Robert Macaire' of former years. M. Lecomte, the author of the little memoir, is, as becomes biographers, a wholesale believer in his hero, and his notes of admiration must always be taken *cum grano*. But his story is interesting, and an outline of it may not be unattractive to English readers.

Frederick Lemaître, then, was born at Havre, on the 21st of July, 1800, and born of an artist-race. His grandfather was a musician, and his father an architect of some note. Lemaître père was a man as quick-tempered as he was clever, and reigned despotically over his domestic circle. But young Frederick had an infallible method for calming the paternal fits of passion, by reciting to him passages of sonorous alexandrines from Corneille or Racine, draped à l'antique in a towel or a tablecloth. The father had acuteness enough to discover in the son the elements of a great actor, and

good sense enough not to discourage him from adopting the stage as a profession. It was therefore with the full approbation of the home authorities that young Lemaître, at the age of nineteen, became a candidate for admission to the school of declamation in the Conservatoire of Paris. He had not recited a dozen verses before his examiners when he was at once welcomed as a pupil of high promise. At this period Frederick Lemaître is described as having been possessed of great personal advantages—a fine handsome face and well-knit figure, and a voice of great beauty, both in speaking and singing, an art of which he had acquired no inconsiderable knowledge from the teaching of his father. During the two years that he remained at the Conservatoire, our hero, young as he was, learnt to detest the sing-song and monotonous style of recitation which was the fashion of the day; and when, at the close of this period of study, he sought an engagement at the Odéon, where a *concours de déclamation* was at the time going on, he was rejected by all his judges as an ignorant and dangerous innovator, an audacious apostate from the traditional religion of the poetical drama. By all his judges save one; but the exception was important, for that one was Talma, then at the height of his fame and popularity. This great tragedian, who had himself effected the overthrow of traditions held no less sacred but a few years before—who had been the first to dress the characters of antiquity in the costume of the age in which they lived, and had declined to play Orestes in a powdered wig, or Britannicus in tights and buckles—who had done, in short, for the French stage what Kemble did for our own—Talma was able to discover in the young Lemaître what the other judges could not, sparks of the *feu sacré*, the materials of a great actor. His one voice, however, of whatever weight in the council, could not prevail over the unanimous opposition of his colleagues, and the doors of the second

Théâtre Français were shut in the face of the young aspirant, who was from that moment, happily probably for himself, lost to the 'legitimate' drama.

Determined to make a beginning somewhere, Frederick next applied to the manager of the Variétés Amusantes, a little theatre on the Boulevard des Temples. 'Who are you and what do you want?' is his abrupt demand. (This manager was a quaint, rough-mannered old man—an original in his way—a man much after the fashion of queer old Tate Wilkinson, of the York Theatre.) 'My name is Frederick Lemaître, and I want an engagement.' 'Indeed! where have you acted before?' 'Nowhere. I have just left the Conservatoire.' 'And what line of acting do you propose to take?' 'Anything that turns up.' 'Hem! you've a good voice—let me hear you shout.' And Frederick *does* shout, with a will. 'That'll do admirably. I engage you—you shall have thirty francs a month, and make your débüt the day after tomorrow.' 'But my part?' 'You can do it extempore,' said the manager, or might have said if he had known his Shakespeare—'it's nothing but roaring. You'll make a first-rate lion.' 'Pyrame et Thisbé,' was in rehearsal in the shape of a vaudeville, with only three characters, the lovers and the lion. And so did Frederick Lemaître make his first appearance before the public in the character which introduced Snug the joiner to the people of Athens. 'If you had played Pyramus instead of the beast,' said Alexandre Dumas to him one day in after years, 'you might now have been reigning at the Français in spite of them all!'

Lemaître's period of probation was a shorter one than usually falls to the lot of struggling actors: he passed from the Variétés Amusantes to the Cirque Olympique, and thence to the Funambules, and, later still, was admitted into the company of the repentant Odéon. But, whether because he was allowed no chance of distinction at this theatre, or because the legitimate drama invited him too late, and his mission was too plain before him, he deserted the Odéon for

the Ambigu Comique, then, as it always was and is now, the chosen home of melodrama.

At the Ambigu, on the 2nd of July, 1823 (at the age of twenty-three!), Frederick Lemaître startled the town with the first edition of his immortal Robert Macaire in 'L'Auberge des Adrets.' The story of that strange success has been often told, and in various ways. As some have it, the actor having played the first part of the piece in the traditional heavy-villain fashion, and finding it in danger of an unmentionable fate, suddenly and completely, on the spur of the moment, changed his reading of the character of Macaire, and sketched before the eyes of the delighted audience the first rude outline which he afterwards worked up into such an exquisite picture. According to M. Lecomte, the idea suggested itself to Lemaître at the first reading of the piece, but the authors would have nothing to say to it, and on the first night the drama, played in the traditional way above mentioned, was mercilessly hissed, to reappear the next evening in the shapes suggested by Frederick's imagination. It seems certain that an entire alteration must have been made in the dialogue before the conception of the leading character can have been so radically changed; for the well-known jocularities of Robert Macaire can never have been intended to be uttered by the hoarse voice, and illustrated by the hang-dog looks, of the recognised bandit of the stage. But whatever may be the accurate history of his first apparition, Robert Macaire became at once the lion of the day. Paris talked and thought of nothing else, and the favourite prescription of the doctors for the cholera panic that prevailed at the time was, 'Go and see Lemaître in Robert Macaire.' Although after this period the actor's name became more or less associated with many other original characters, yet Macaire ever remained his greatest and most famous, as it was his first creation; and it will die with him—or rather, alas! it has died before him. That prince of paradox—most comic of murderers and most terrible of buffoons—with the 'looped and

windowed raggedness' of his cobbled pantaloons and his tattered coat, the cane so devoted to Bertrand's calves, the black patch over the left eye, and the snuffbox with its pathetic creak, has tempted many good actors to their downfall; for the outward peculiarities of Robert Macaire are as easy to imitate as his essential characteristics are difficult, if not impossible to seize. Even M. Fechter, clever artist as he is, only added one more to the long list of failures in a part which is to the actors of drama as 'Don Giovanni' is to ambitious baritones.

Robert Macaire always continued Lemaitre's pet character, and, did any new piece fail from which great things had been expected, and leave a vacuum, abhorred no less by managers than by nature, to be filled until some fresh novelty could be brought forward, 'L'Auberge des Adrets' was always the best trump in the pack, for it was as popular with the audiences as with the actor. And he was ever touching and retouching it, interpolating new and startling surprises in the dialogue or the action, now in the shape of some master-stroke of byplay, now of some appropriate dance or song. Many will remember how, during one of his London engagements, when negro melodists happened to be the fashion of the day, he introduced into the part a song upon a banjo, and beat the Christys of the period in their own line. On the occasion of a revival of 'L'Auberge des Adrets,' at the Porte St. Martin (in 1832), Robert and Bertrand, on the point of being arrested, took refuge in a box on the first tier, and did not give in to the gendarmes who followed them till they had thrown two of their assailants for dead upon the stage! This story gives some idea of the license which popular actors occasionally allow themselves in Paris; a more audacious instance of 'gagging' it would be difficult to find. It was at this period that the play was reduced to its present two-act form, and its revival was celebrated by an action brought against Lemaitre and Serres (Bertrand), by the manager of the Ambigu, who claimed a kind of vested interest in the costumes of

the two characters, which were worth, between them, about a franc and a half!

'L'Auberge des Adrets' was followed at the Ambigu by various dramas, in which Lemaitre was more or less triumphant (amongst others one written by himself, 'Le Vieil Artiste').

Then the Ambigu underwent one night the common fate of theatres, and was burnt to the ground; upon which Lemaitre accepted an engagement at the Porte St. Martin, and made his first appearance there on the 19th of June, 1827, in a character which proved one of his greatest successes, Georges de Germany, in 'Trente Ans, or, La Vie d'un Joueur,' the piece in which, thirty-eight years after its first production, he this year made the melancholy reappearance to which I have alluded. The success of 'Trente Ans' was shared with Frederick by an actress who became afterwards one of the greatest of Parisian favourites, Marie Dorval. It was perhaps at this period that Lemaitre gave the most striking proofs of the wonderful versatility which characterised his genius, and to which the history of the stage, except in the instance of our own Garrick, furnishes no parallel. Georges de Germany was succeeded, in the next year (1828), by Edgar Ravenswood and Mephistopheles, in dramatised versions of the masterpieces of Scott and Goethe; and Lemaitre was equally admirable as the passionate lover and romantic fatalist of the novel, and as the manfiend of the poem.

In 'Faust' the actor showed that dancing was one of his numerous accomplishments, and an eccentric valse, which he introduced in the second act, created as much excitement at the time as M. Gounod's graceful melody has caused in our own day.

The Ambigu having been rebuilt, Lemaitre reappeared there in 1830, but only for a short time, for in the same year we find him once more at Odéon. But the directors of that classic stage no longer repressed the innovator; they met him more than half way, and abandoning to a great extent their cherished traditions,

they provided for him a kind of compromise between the 'legitimate' and the 'drame du boulevard' in the shape of a play called 'La Mère et la Fille,' which proved a new triumph for Lemaitre, and was followed by Ducis' version of 'Othello,' where the meed of success was certainly not the translator's. In 1831 Frederick made his appearance in a very new character. Military pieces were the rage at the time. An actor named Gobert was turning a strong personal resemblance to Napoleon to good account at the Porte St. Martin, and making his manager's fortune in the character of the great emperor. (It will be remembered how an actor of the name of Gomersal, with similar personal recommendations, had a similar success in London at a later period.) So Alexandre Dumas was commissioned to write a play about Napoleon for the Odéon, which was to bring forward Lemaitre in the chief character. The 'grand faiseur' constructed a piece containing one hundred and twenty characters, which had to be 'cut' to the extent of a full half before it could be reduced within the limits of the six hours' performance which French audiences consider reasonable. Even in that form the success was very moderate; and Lemaitre was voted a better representative of Ambrosio, in a version of 'The Monk,' which replaced the drama of Dumas, than of Napoleon Buonaparte. This was the last character played by him at the Odéon, whence he migrated with his manager, Harel, to the more congenial climate of the Porte St. Martin, where, on the night of the 10th of December, 1831, he achieved another triumph in Richard Darlington. The last scene of this play is one of the most effective of modern drama; and it is said that Mdlle. Noblet, who played the heroine, Jenny, unprepared as she had been at rehearsal for the passion which Lemaitre threw into his acting, was on the first night fairly frightened into hysterics. 'Qu'allez vous faire?' asks Jenny of Richard. 'Je n'en sais rien, mais priez Dieu.' Similar stories have been told of the effect that great actors have had upon the

nerves of those who have been playing with them. Garcia, in the last act of 'Otello,' terrified more than one Desdemona into forgetfulness of music and everything else; and the present writer remembers, to come to more recent instances, to have heard a young country actor describe the effect created upon him by the appearance of Miss Cushman, on an occasion when she was acting the part of Meg Merrilies in a provincial theatre. He was the Bertram of the evening, and she had warned him, at the only rehearsal of which time had permitted, to show no signs of astonishment when he should first see her on the stage at night. He paid little attention to this at the time; but when he found himself suddenly brought face to face with the wild, weird-looking figure with which playgoers were familiar a few years ago, he could not help starting from the seat on which Bertram is found at Meg's first entrance; and was only brought to his senses by feeling the actress's hand laid heavily on his shoulder, and hearing her strong harsh voice hiss into his ear, 'Sit down, you fool!'

But to return to Lemaitre. Richard Darlington was followed by the revival of 'Robert Macaire,' which was marked by the incidents which we have before recounted; and during the run of this popular piece, the 'Tour de Nesle' was read to the company of the Porte St. Martin, and the part of Buridan assigned to Frederick Lemaitre. But cholera was again in the ascendant at this period, and the actor was not so ready to act as antidote as he had been ten years before. He threw up the part and took refuge in the country, and Harel was forced to engage Bocage, and entrust Buridan to him. No sooner did Frederick hear of this, than, actor-like, he repented of his terrors, and did all he could to get his part back again. But Bocage held firm, and shared with Mdlle. Georges the first honours of the best drama ever written. Nor could Lemaitre, though he afterwards played Buridan with great originality and success, ever overcome the prestige which belonged to the first creator of a cha-

racter. It should be added, that there is nothing in Buridan, effective as the part is, that makes such calls on the higher qualities of the actor as Darlington, or admits of such characteristic embellishments as Macaire. Hence, while these two characters have only crushed subsequent representatives, *infelices pueros et impares*, Buridan always remains one of the most telling parts in the repertoire of the leading melodramatic actors of the day, as now is the case of Melingue. The 'Tour de Nesle,' indeed, plays itself, making little or no call on the resources of the scene-painter and the tailor, written in clear, simple, forcible language, which tells a story as consecutive and easily understood as it is exciting and terrible, every scene increasing the interest, while it tends to the development of the plot.

The 'Souper à Ferrare' of Victor Hugo, or 'Lucrèce Borgia,' as it was rechristened at the desire of Mdlle. Georges, who played the heroine, brought forward Lemaitre in his next original character, that of Gennaro. The success and the excellence of this drama have been alike effaced, except in the minds of a few readers, by the opera which Donizetti and his librettist stole from it. How cruel a thing is the desecration—there is no other word for it—which composers are so fond of committing on the *chef-d'œuvre* of great dramatists. No poet has suffered so much from this sort of piracy as Victor Hugo. Donizetti robbed him of his Lucretia: Signor Verdi seized upon 'Hernani' and 'Le Roi s'amuse,' and marred them, I am fain to think, in the stealing. And, thanks to barrel-organs and the love of noise, third-rate operas became popular with the multitude, while the great originals which are thus mutilated, *ut pueris placeant et declamatio fiant*, often survive only in a few libraries. Victor Hugo is alive and at work, happily; but how many of those who applaud the blatant vulgarities of 'Rigoletto' have ever read a line, if they have even heard of the existence, of that terrible and noble drama, 'Le Roi s'amuse'? There are some few who think that even such a man as

Rossini and Mozart did little honour to Beaumarchais when they robbed him of his exquisite comedies. Go and see the original 'Barbiera de Seville' at the Français—learn from Bressant and Regnier what Almaviva and Figaro may be—and the next time you take your place at the Italian Opera you may possibly listen with modified respect even to the melodies of the 'immortal Barbieri.' It was no fault of the same composer's that 'Otello' did not crush the Moor of Venice.

Frederick Lemaitre's next engagement was at the Folies Dramatiques, a theatre then suffering from the vicissitudes of fortune, which seemed altogether to have deserted the manager, M. Mourier.* 'If you like,' said Frederick to him, 'I will bring back the public to your theatre.' 'It's very hot weather,' was the despondent answer. 'What of that? Take my advice, and you will find that "L'été n'a point de feux—l'hiver n'a point de glace!"'

Under his personal superintendence, two chosen writers had constructed a sequel to his favourite Robert Macaire, in whom he saw yet other undeveloped opportunities. Robert Macaire was to be M. Mourier's salvation, and so it proved: for for four months did this inexhaustible attraction crowd the Folies Dramatiques. So great, indeed, was its new success, that the virtuous public began to be alarmed. The same disastrous influence was attributed to Robert Macaire, as has in our own country been ascribed to Captain Macheath and Jack Sheppard. No less a man than Jules Janin headed the crusade against the popular assassin. But he might have spared his trouble. For the disappearance of the type Macaire, the world had but to wait for the decay of the powers of Frederick Lemaitre.

At the end of 1835, after a visit to London, we find our hero once more at the Porte St. Martin, where

* This M. Mourier was an oddity in his way, like Frederick's first manager. There are some amusing stories about him in the so-called 'Mémoires de Thérèse,' which have recently been presented to the reading public.

all the zeal and activity of the manager, Harel, seemed unavailing to avert impending bankruptcy. Everything was against him. Lemaitre was announced to play Othello, and on the very night of the intended performance, the actor, in the dress of the Moor, had to appear before the crowded audience and tell them that it was forbidden by government, as 'classical tragedy' was not admissible at the Porte St. Martin. Harel was driven to that last resource of managers in distress, jugglers and acrobats, and Frederick took refuge at the Variétés, during his engagement at which theatre was produced what M. Lecomte ambiguously calls that 'pièce merveilleuse,' by Alexandre Dumas, 'Kean.' A marvellous piece of work truly that same drama is, giving the same sort of history of the great English actor's career as did M. Langlais recently of the life of Sheridan. One of the most stirring incidents of the play, if I rightly remember, was a duel fought by Kean with the Prince of Wales in the green-room of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden (where Kean never acted in his prime).

In November, 1838, was opened the Théâtre de la Renaissance, in the old Salle Ventadour, for which Victor Hugo had obtained a concession two years before, with the view of devoting it to the purposes of romantic drama. He nominated as manager one M. Anténor Joly, one condition of whose appointment to the post was the engagement of Frederick Lemaitre, whose Gennaro was not forgotten by Victor Hugo, and who was to play the principal part in the new drama of 'Ruy Blas,' which the poet wrote in a month for the inauguration of the new undertaking. Unfortunately, M. Joly, in want of funds, had been forced to associate with himself in the management a gentleman *passionné* for vaudeville and spectacle, who threw all the obstacles he could in the way of Victor Hugo and 'Ruy Blas,' and devoted himself to the getting up of a fairy piece called 'L'Eau Merveilleuse,' on which he founded his hopes of fortune. We are reminded of the stories told of

Manager Rich, who thought pantomime the only enduring form of drama, and was disgusted when the acting of Cibber and Woffington brought money to his treasury.

On the opening night of the Renaissance, everything went wrong in front of the curtain—doors wouldn't shut and when they did wouldn't open again—fires wouldn't burn and warmers gave no warmth—and the effect of such creature discomforts on the appreciative powers of an audience, on a cold November night, goes for much in the fate of a play. In spite of all this, the fifth act of 'Ruy Blas' warmed up the frozen spectators into something like enthusiasm. For Lemaitre's share in the success let the poet himself vouch. 'For M. Frederick Lemaitre,' he writes, 'the night of the 8th November was not a representation, but a transfiguration, (genuine Hugoness that). 'On all his stage career, past as well as future, this grand creation will shed a glory. In "Ruy Blas," M. Frederick realises before our eyes the ideal of the great actor.' The late Judge Talfourd, in his 'Vacation Rambles,' gives a much less enthusiastic account of Lemaitre, whom he saw in this character, and who does not seem to have struck him as at all superior to his fellow-actors. This engagement at the Renaissance did not prove satisfactory. The spectacular manager brought out his 'Eau Merveilleuse' triumphantly before a well-warmed audience and a carefully multiplied 'claque,' while on the 'Ruy Blas' nights he got the piece hissed and the actors bullied: and as M. Joly could not but fall in with the idea of a colleague who both found the funds and filled the treasury, romanticism and Frederick Lemaitre, after maintaining the struggle for some time with the help of such stupidities as a version of 'Fazio,' by M. Dumas, at last gave way, and retired to the Porte St. Martin, where, on the 14th March, 1840, Lemaitre appeared in the principal part in Balzac's 'Vautrin.' The history of this piece is well known. Harassed by his creditors, and ever on the eve

of 'making his fortune,' the great novelist had founded high hopes on 'Vautrin,' which was produced with extraordinary success, only to be forbidden by the censorship after one performance, one reason assigned, among others, being that Lemaître, in his 'make up,' had presented a studied caricature of the *roi bourgeois*, Louis Philippe. All the efforts of friends, foremost among whom was Victor Hugo, to get the ban removed, proved futile, and Balzac was forced to content himself with the publication of his drama. In his preface he wrote, 'Vautrin could have no interpreter but Frederick Lemaître.'

The next important event in the actor's life was his admission within the sacred precincts of the Théâtre Français, which occurred in October 1842. But, accustomed to the adoring worship of his fellow-actors, and the unrestrained excitement of his audiences, on the Boulevard, where he reigned *en prince*, he was hopelessly out of his element in the Rue Richelieu, where the traditions of classic tragedy, and the half-pitying astonishment of the *sociétaires*, who were to be his new comrades, were little to his taste. So after a few performances of 'Othello,' he returned to his beloved boulevard; and at the Porte St. Martin in 1844, after appearing for two hundred nights as Jacques Ferrand, in Eugène Sue's revolting 'Mystères de Paris,' he created the character which, after Robert Macaire, is perhaps of all his triumphs the most lastingly associated with his name, 'Don César de Bazan.' The original portrait of this popular adventurer, it will be remembered, is to be found in 'Ruy Blas,' where, indeed, Don César plays a part, the importance of which is quite unknown to those English playgoers whose only acquaintance with Victor Hugo's tragedy is derived from the bald and bombastic version with which M. Fechter has made them so familiar. (But even in that grotesque parody, how dramatic a play it is!) In the days of 'Ruy Blas' Lemaître had seen the capabilities of the character which now, six years

later, was, with the permission of Victor Hugo, made the groundwork of a new drama by two of the most popular *faiseurs* of the day. It was much to be regretted, indeed, that this piece had not been written for Lemaître some twenty years before, at the outset of his career; as even so early as 1844 (though it need scarcely be said that this is not allowed by M. Lecomte) his powers began to give signs of failing. Don César de Bazan has been as popular in English as in French; and there were many who thought that James Wallack, in this part, could dispute the palm with the great original himself. At this present time, few who have seen Fechter's Don César will deny that it is one of the best, if not the very best, of his performances.

At this period Lemaître's repertory grew rapidly rich in new characters. The 'Dame de Saint-Tropez,' 'Michel Brémond,' the 'Docteur Noir,' followed in quick succession. Of Frederick's acting in this latter piece, M. Lecomte tells us that the effect was such, that at one point the 'whole audience sobbed for twenty minutes,' an assertion which is, at all events, indicative of the actor's power. In 1847 came the 'Chiffonnier de Paris,' which ranks amongst the highest if not the most generally celebrated of Lemaître's achievements. So anxious was he to present the appearance of a real Parisian ragpicker, that he made the lamplighter of the theatre wear his dress for a month, in order to bring it into a sufficient state of dirt. That the result was satisfactory may be gathered from the fact, that when the 'Chiffonnier' had 'run' for a few nights, a deputation of Parisian ragpickers waited on Lemaître, to express their compliments and thanks. He appreciated this not least among the many tributes paid to him during his career.

During the troublous times of 1848, Lemaître appeared in the new character, whether assumed from conviction or design, of an enthusiastic republican. Under the influence of his new principles, his propensity to 'gagging' became worse than ever. He was always making little speeches

from the stage, more or less inappropriate and uncalled for, though M. Lecomte seems greatly to admire this political phase in his hero's history. On one occasion, he stopped in the middle of the part he was playing, and introduced the following address to the public—'Let me tell you that I am very unfortunate in being obliged to show off on the stage when all Paris is under arms. I am acting in spite of myself, to save the theatre from bankruptcy;' which announcement was hissed, as it richly deserved, and so violently hissed, that the orator-actor had to leave the stage. At another time, on the first night of a comic drama called 'Tragaldabas,' in which Lemaître represented a sort of burlesque Don Cesar, finding that the audience did not relish the new play, and that it was in danger of utter failure, the actor came down to the footlights and pronounced what M. Lecomte calls 'these memorable words,'—'Citizens and gentlemen—interested or disinterested—this is of all others the moment for us all to exclaim—Long live the Republic!' The immediate result of this *à propos* remark was, we are told, 'profound stupefaction,' followed by general applause, which covered the descent of the curtain, but did not, it seems, secure a long existence for 'Tragaldabas.' Refusing an engagement offered him at the Odéon, by his old rival Bocage, now named director of that theatre, Lemaître remained at the Porte St. Martin to play the principal character in M. de Lamartine's 'Toussaint Louverture,' which proved only a *succès d'estime*. But the great writers whose conceptions it was the privilege of Frederick to realise, never failed to recognise his excellence. The tributes paid him by Victor Hugo and Balzac have been recorded; and to these may be added the testimony of Lamartine, who, in the preface to his drama, compares Lemaître to Talma, to the advantage of the younger actor, even while he speaks of the elder as 'the living image of classic history.'

On the 9th November, 1850, Frederick Lemaître appeared at the Gaité in the last of his great original characters, Paillasse, so well

known on the English stage as Belphegor, in a badly-constructed, baldly-written play, which nevertheless will remain a favourite to the end of time, from the same cause which has won such lasting popularity for the 'Stranger,' the simple pathos of the situations, which comes home to every wife and mother in the audience. And when the women cry, the fortune of the piece is made.

There is no need to dwell at length on the rest of the actor's story. Sometimes at the Ambigu, sometimes at the Porte St. Martin or Gaité, and once at the Odéon, Lemaître continued to act frequently until 1860, but without being able to add new laurels to his chaplet, and presenting to the public a sad spectacle of the rapid decline of a great talent.

This is not M. Lecomte's view. According to him, triumph on triumph was yet to attend Lemaître, to whom his enthusiastic biographer ascribes, even at this moment, undiminished vigour and power. But, as a matter of fact, it would have been well if Paillasse had closed the theatrical career of Frederick the Great. For the result of his latest appearances has been that for the last few years not only has his acting been ridiculed, but even his past has been doubted, and his old reputation questioned, by those who never saw him in his prime; while even those who did so see him have found it difficult to preserve past memories in the face of present realities, and have been driven to wonder whether it was not more likely that their taste should formerly have been bad, than that a great actor should in so short a time have degenerated so utterly. But there can be no real doubt that Lemaître was indeed one of the first of actors. Be it remembered that 'Ruy Blas,' 'Vautrin,' and 'Toussaint Louverture,' which called forth from the authors those compliments to Lemaître, were all, from one reason or another, comparative failures. And dramatists, unless they are much belied, are under such circumstances only too ready to find fault with their tools. Again, as Mrs. Bracegirdle said to old Cibber—'The man

who pleases everybody *must* have something in him,' and we need not implicitly accept all M. Lecomte's statements, to believe in the wonderful popularity of Frederick Lemaitre. Of his versatility something has already been said: in one evening he could be Ravenswood and Mephistopheles—Ruy Blas and Robert Macaire. Such a fact speaks for itself. No doubt he had great faults. A distinguished English critic, writing of him recently in a daily paper, has spoken of the peculiar *bourgeois* element in his acting, from which he could never free himself; and of his inveterate love of 'gag,' which 'argues a pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it,' more than one instance has been given. Great as Frederick Lemaitre was, he never would have succeeded in the classical tragedy of the Français, though he might have excelled in such a character as Tartuffe, or even more in the semi-melodramatic parts of the modern French poetical drama, such as the Louis XI. of his fellow-townsmen, Casimir Delavigne. For classical tragedy he had neither the stately dignity of Talma nor the electric genius of Rachel. It is not without reason that M. Lecomte calls him the 'founder of the school of natural acting in France:' he was nothing if not natural, and it is no wonder that Parisian audiences, accustomed to all the old traditions of melodrama, should have been as much delighted as astonished at the discovery that dramatic effects and 'sensations' are not incompatible with a quiet, even a colloquial style of acting. It is probable that succeeding actors have in this respect improved on their original. At the present day, Fechter is, as he was in Paris, one of the most prominent of the disciples of Lemaitre, and it is to him that we owe the first introduction into England of natural acting as applied to drama. His delightful performance of Hamlet is a proof that a clever and intelligent artist, without being a genius, can invest so well-known and often-played a character with a new charm and a living interest, merely by applying the canons of the new French school of romantic drama to the drama

of Shakespeare, to which they are eminently applicable. For the drama of Shakespeare bears a close analogy to that of Hugo and Dumas—none at all to that of Corneille and Racine. An actor endowed with something more than cleverness and intelligence—gifted with the higher qualities ascribed to Lemaitre, if brought up in this same natural school, would work wonders for the great characters of Shakespeare. Othello was too much for Fechter, not because his style of acting was unsuited to the part, but because it requires those higher qualifications, over and above mere natural acting, which Fechter lacks, and which have been given to no living actor but Lemaitre, who has them no longer. But if in earlier days Lemaitre could be great in the Othello of Ducis, what would he have been in the Othello of Shakespeare?

The last of the original characters of Frederick Lemaitre were, the Softy, in a wonderful combination of 'Lady Audley's Secret,' 'Aurora Floyd,' and 'Pepper's Ghost,' produced two years ago at the Châtelet, under the title of the 'Secret de Miss Aurore;' and the Comte de Saulles, in a drama written expressly for him by M. Edouard Plouvier, and brought out at the Ambigu in April, 1864. Not having seen this last piece, the writer has no means of confirming or contradicting M. Lecomte, who tells us that the first night was 'a true feast of the heart and the intelligence,' and that the actor had never been greater in his life. But the remembrance of his latest appearance, when, during last October, he played 'Trente Ans' at the Ambigu (to which allusion has already been made), must rank as one of the saddest chapters in the experience of all who saw him.

Personally, Frederick Lemaitre seems to have deserved his popularity, both with the public and his fellow-actors. He was generous and disinterested, and he never would consent to pay court either to critics or to managers, as so many of his fraternity are accused of doing. As might be expected from Robert Macaire, he had a keen sense of

humour, which showed itself in odd ways sometimes, and encouraged him in those familiarities with his audience which would never have been tolerated in any other actor. On one occasion, not being, as usual, 'called' at the fall of the curtain at the end of a performance of 'L'Auberge,' he walked to the lamps, and began—'Where is M. Auguste?' A pause. 'Not here?—where is M. Antoine, then?' Pause again. 'Gentlemen,' he indignantly added, 'I gave the head of the claque and his next in command fifty francs a piece this morning to give me a "call," and they're neither of them here! You see, gentlemen, I am *floué*!' (The word defies translation.)

At another time, when his refusal to play some character in a new piece had brought down upon him the public indignation, which showed itself in a storm of hisses on his first appearance, he quietly said, 'I am quite confused, gentlemen, by the enthusiastic nature of your greeting. Accept my thanks; and with them the assurance that I will press into the service of this play my best intentions and my best ability.' It need scarcely be added, that such an address changed the hisses of a French audience into applause.

Lemaitre had a rough side to his tongue sometimes. Manager Harel having once proposed to him nominally to accept half-salary, in order to persuade his fellows to do the same, while he was in reality to receive the whole—a proposal which

was indignantly refused—Lemaitre took the following revenge for what he considered an insult. A new piece, by a noble author, was accepted at the Porte St. Martin. Harel made him guarantee the expenses of scenery and dress; extracted from him endless odd sums during the rehearsals of the piece; and lastly, in the presence of Lemaitre, required him to take fifty private boxes for the first night of performance. The author submitted, and was taking his departure, when Frederick touched Harel on the shoulder.

'You have forgotten one thing.'

'What's that?'

'How can you let him go? You have left him his watch!'

With this little story we part from Frederick Lemaitre. He has lived and acted too long for his fame; but that will right itself. In the case of actors, the reverse of the Shakespearean saying is the truth. The good they do lives after them; the evil is interred with their bones. Pasta's 'last appearance' has already been forgotten, while the youngest of us believe in what we have read of the glories of her youth. And some years hence, when she has really gone, the picture drawn by the admirers of her rising, not by those who have watched her decline, will be the accepted portrait of Giulia Grisi. So, when the 'Saltimbanques' and the 'Secret de Miss Aurore' are forgotten, the future readers of dramatic annals will find in them no name more honoured or more renowned than that of Frederick Lemaitre.

THE JUNE DREAM.

A GARDEN in the burning noon,
Green with the tender green of June,
Save where the trees their leaves unfold
Against the sky, less green than gold,—
A garden full of flowers, as bright
As if their blooms were blooms of light!

There, while the restless shadows play
Upon the grass, one comes to-day
Musing and slow, but fair of face,
Gentle and winning as a Grace,
Rosy and beautiful to see,
And in the June of life is she.

Among the flowers and by the trees
She comes, yet tree nor flower sees,—
In vain the golden pansy blows,
Vainly the passion-hearted rose,
And—trembling in the gusty swells—
The campanula's purple bells.

These in her fancies have no part :
She wanders dreaming in her heart,
And ever, while around her flows
A silken ripple as she goes,
The sound of winds and waves it takes
And helps the pictures that she makes.

Wide underneath the June-blue sky
She sees the breadths of ocean lie,
And with the opal's changeful range
From blue to green alternate change,
While still the sunshine on its breast
Trembles and glows in its unrest.

And on the far horizon—white
A sail is shining in the light,
And what she hears is not the breeze
That trembles in the shimmering trees,
It is the wind that fierce and strong
Hurries that yielding ship along.

It cuts its way with creak and strain,
The sail is wet with spraying rain ;
But o'er the side one scans the foam,
And dreams and ever dreams of home,
And of the heart that, madly press'd,
Still seems to throb against his breast.

Oh, brave young sailor ! Eyes of blue
Like thine were never aught but true ;
And truth dwells on those lips that yet
Scarce with the salt sea-brine are wet,
And in that peach-like cheek the flame
That burns can never burn with shame !

In all the fears that wring her heart
Doubt of thy truth can have no part,—
She fears the flush of angry skies,
The winds that roar, the waves that rise,
Wreck, death, whatever ill may be,
But, no, she has no fear of thee.

A tender melancholy lies,
A shadow in her downcast eyes,
While by the trees and through the flow'rs
She thinks of the departed hours,—
Regret her loving heart *must* bear
But anguish has no portion there.

W. S.

MY FIRST VISIT.

A Chapter of Accidents.

I WAS fifteen years old, very shy and rather sentimental. I had been brought up in the strictest seclusion in my father's country parsonage, and all my mother's time and care had been bestowed upon me, her only child.

I need hardly say I had never been from home, and had never even contemplated the horrors of such a possibility. My dismay, therefore, may be better imagined than described, when one morning after breakfast, just as I was running off to my poultry-yard, my mother called me back, saying that she and my father wished to speak to me. I couldn't help feeling very guilty, and very conscious of the fact that 'Lalla Rookh' was at that moment hidden under my mattress. Was it possible that mamma had seen its circulating library cover peeping out? My heart beat fast, and my face was very red, while I stood to hear what she had to say.

'My dear Clara' (of course my name was Clara, and I wore curls), 'my dear Clara, your father and I have thought it best to accept for you an invitation to spend a day and a night at your godfather's, Sir Thomas Bullyon, at Golding Park. How shall you like it?'

I felt that this was 'out of the frying-pan into the fire.' I had much rather they should have found 'Lalla Rookh.' I had a horror of strange faces, even when papa and mamma were present to give me the support of their countenance. But the idea of being among strangers, alone, in a great grand house, and for a whole day and night, was insupportable. I wept, and bewailed, and entreated, in what I considered the most moving terms, such as ought to have melted a heart of stone. But in vain! My parents were, for once, inexorable, and I was to go.

I felt it was adding insult to injury when I was forced to assist in the preparations for my visit. The village dressmaker was called in,

and set to work at once to make me a white frock, while my dear, unselfish mother began herself to cut up her only silk dress to make me another. I was touched at this, and tried to help with a better grace, but it was dreary work, for every stitch seemed to bring me nearer to my misery.

How well I remember that white frock, and the way it was made! The dressmaker's fundamental rule evidently was that a dress should stick out everywhere. She called it 'setting nicely,' I remember. It was anything but nice, as far as my own feelings and appearance were concerned, for I looked and moved like a hog in armour; added to which, it was so tight round the throat that I could not turn my head without turning my whole body. But I bore all this like a heroine, looking upon it as a very minor evil compared with what I was about to undergo.

At last the dreadful day dawned. I was not to go till the afternoon, Lady Bullyon having promised mamma to send the carriage for me, and I was expected to reach the park, only twelve miles distant, in time for dinner. My dear mother spent the whole morning in trying to reason me out of my fears, and impressing upon me the advantage it might be to me in after life, should I secure the friendship of two such rich and influential persons. The idea of the riches and grandeur, however, only frightened me the more, and the sight of the carriage, with its powdered coachman and footman, its coat of arms, and pair of prancing bays, quite overcame me. I couldn't speak, I couldn't even cry, when I said good-bye to mamma. I was the personification of stony, speechless misery. I had a certain conviction that the coachman and footman were laughing at me, as I dare say they were, for in my nervous haste and flurry I had missed my footing on the carriage step, had fallen forward on my face, and muddled my nose, which was

now very red with agitation and friction combined.

I could not help enjoying my drive, and for a time forgetting my troubles, in admiration of the lovely scenery through which I was passing. But as I neared my journey's end my fears revived, and by the time we had passed through the great iron gates, and driving up a beautiful avenue of chestnuts nearly a mile long, stopped at the ponderous door of a large stone-built mansion, I was as bad as ever again. The deep tones of the bell resounded through the house, the door instantly opened as if by magic, the steps of the carriage were let down, and I alighted. Such was my humility, and so greatly was I impressed with the magnificence of all I saw, that, if I had had any voice left, I believe I should have apologised to the footman for the trouble I gave him in helping me out. I had a vague idea that perhaps Lady Bullyon would be in the hall to receive and welcome me. You see I had never been in a great house before, and was not up to those fashionable manners which disdain to

'Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.'

So she was not there when I entered a fine hall, hung round with old portraits, banners, stags' heads, and other trophies of war and of the chase. 'These are his ancestors and their spoils,' I thought. 'How delightful!' But I learned afterwards that the house belonged to an ancient but impoverished family. They had let it to Sir Thomas, a man without a grandfather, who had got his money by the manufacture of gold lace, and his baronetcy by a lucky casting vote at a ministerial crisis. This by the way. We will now return to my insignificant self, and my various sensations.

As I have said, I entered the hall with faltering steps, and on looking round I beheld, instead of Lady Bullyon, and besides the footman who had opened the door, a most gentlemanly person, rather portly and rubicund, with silver hair, and in an irreproachable evening dress suit. Behind him stood a lovely cherub-like boy of about ten years

of age, attired in a suit of dark-green velvet, with a profusion of silver ornaments. I immediately decided that the first individual must be Sir Thomas, and wondered why he did not come forward to shake hands with me, instead of standing there with every demonstration of extreme respect. It was not so easy to make up my mind about the little boy, but I knew Sir Thomas had lately been abroad, and I supposed therefore that this must be some young foreign prince, in the costume of his native country, who had returned to England with him on a visit. My astonishment was great, after arriving at all these satisfactory conclusions, to hear the supposed Sir Thomas address the young prince by the name of William, and desire him to call my lady's maid, an order which he immediately and meekly obeyed. The gentleman then turned respectfully to me with 'My lady has gone to dress, Miss. The dinner will be served at seven o'clock, and it is now half-past six. Will you be pleased to walk up stairs.' It was Sir Thomas's family (?) butler, and the young foreign prince was my lady's pet page! I shuddered as I thought what might have been the consequences of my mistake, and for once I felt thankful for the shyness which had prevented my introducing myself to my supposed host.

I proceeded slowly up the broad oak staircase, wondering much what would happen to me next. At the top I was met by a most elegant young lady, whose elaborate dress and fashionable air made me feel more dowdy and countrified than ever. I was on the look-out for fresh mistakes, however, and did not therefore suppose her to be anything but the lady's maid, as indeed she was. She conducted me to a large room, with a large bed, a large fire, everything, in short, on a gigantic scale except myself and my poor little trunk, which looked decidedly out of keeping in one corner. She then frightened me more than ever by offering her services to assist me in dressing, and as I dared not refuse, she opened

my trunk and began to take out the various little newspaper parcels of brushes and combs, shoes, &c., all of which I had, in the absence of mind caused by my grief, packed on the top of the unfortunate white frock. I will not detail the mysteries and miseries of that toilet. Suffice it to say it was nearly over, I was duly arrayed in that wretched frock, and the maid was just tying my sash in an elaborate bow, when suddenly a dreadful sound in the hall below almost made me jump out of my skin. This sound was a sort of whizzing and grinding, accompanied by two or three heavy blows.

'Goodness! what's that?' I exclaimed, frightened out of my shyness, and speaking for the first time. 'Something dreadful is happening, some one is being killed!' 'It is the gong for dinner, Miss,' was the calm reply, with ever so slight a smile. 'You must make haste down, if you please.'

The bare idea of being late for dinner was so awful that, without waiting to blush at this my second blunder, I flew down the stairs. But, alas! I was unaccustomed to the slippery, polished oak. I lost my footing and came tumbling into the hall with a loud crash, just as the drawing-room doors were thrown open and Sir Thomas and Lady Bullyon appeared. Could anything have been more unlucky? I jumped up in a moment, before Lady Bullyon, who ran forward, could reach me; and though I was bruised and shaken from head to foot, I strenuously denied being in the least hurt, and refused all the remedies which were kindly pressed on me by my host and hostess, whom I did not dare to look at. What I minded more, far more than the bruises, was, that those horrid footmen were all standing by to witness this my second downfall, and I saw them laugh this time.

As Sir Thomas and Lady Bullyon preceded me into the dining-room, I ventured to inspect them, and saw that they put all their finery on their servants' backs, and not on their own. They were both little and shabby-looking; my lady was

even shorter than I was, and wore an old black satin dress, instead of the gorgeous attire in which I had pictured her to myself. This comforted and reassured me somewhat, and as I was very hungry, I began to hope that dinner might be a less awful business than I had anticipated. But the size of the room, the quantity of plate, and, above all, those magnificent footmen with the gentlemanly butler at their head, undid all the good effects produced by the homeliness of my entertainers' appearance, and I sat down to table with renewed trepidation.

I got through the soup and fish pretty well, though without daring to speak or look up. Sir Thomas and Lady Bullyon kindly left me alone and talked to each other till dinner was half over. Then Lady Bullyon turned to me and made some kind inquiries after mamma. Unfortunately I had just at this moment put a very hot piece of potato into my mouth. My contortions in endeavouring to dispose of it with the smallest amount of personal inconvenience, and yet in time to answer Lady Bullyon's question, must have been truly ludicrous, and I had the mortification of seeing all the servants turn away their heads to hide their merriment, while even the heads of the house could not repress a smile. I need hardly say that the question about mamma was never answered, and that I was mute and more than miserable for the rest of that long dinner.

I heard Lady Bullyon whisper to Sir Thomas, as we passed out of the dining-room, 'How painfully shy,' which remark in no way tended to restore my composure. But she made the kindest efforts when we were in the drawing-room to draw me out, and I was just beginning to feel more at home, when tea-time brought in Sir Thomas, with a request for some music. Now I was extremely fond of playing, and knew I could perform very creditably, but the idea of any other audience than my father and mother was too much. I was too frightened to refuse, and far too frightened to play. I only succeeded in sitting down to the

piano, putting my hands before my face, and bursting into tears.

'Poor child!' said Lady Bullyon; 'we won't tease her any more;' and coming up to me, she kindly led me to a distant sofa, gave me a book, and told me to try and fancy myself at home. I couldn't quite do that, but I managed to amuse myself tolerably till bed-time, when, after a kind good-night, I went up to my room, and found, to my horror, that the lady's-maid was waiting there to undress me. 'Am I never to be let alone?' I thought. But I had to submit to her fingers and her tongue, which latter never stopped, to make up for the silence of mine, I suppose. Amongst other things she particularly cautioned me not to mistake a rope, that hung beside a closet door, for a bell-pull. I inquired why? 'Oh! miss, don't you know?' she said, evidently delighted at the notion that she was about to astonish me by what she had to tell. 'Why, miss, the people that lived here before had a raving mad old uncle with a great deal of money, and this was his room, miss, where he lived with his keeper. That closet, miss, is a shower-bath, with a great, big cistern over it, big enough to drown you and me; and when he was more than common fractious, his keeper used to lock him in there (you see the key is on the outside) and pull that rope, which let all the water down on his poor old head till he was half dead. One day when they went to take him out he was *quite* dead, and his family got all the money. Which "ill-gotten gains never prosper," as doubtless you've heard, miss; and it didn't do them much good, seeing they haven't a penny now, owing to spending it all, and was obliged to let this house to Sir Thomas, and hide their heads in foreign parts. They do say, miss, that the poor old gentleman may often be seen at night in his shower-bath, beweeeping and bewailing the cruelty of those that killed him, which they did for certain. Good-night, miss, and I hope you may sleep comfortable.' She had certainly not taken the best means to insure that happy result; but

though I was so shy, I was not in the least nervous about those sort of things, and consequently did not trouble myself much about her parting words. I had to turn my whole thoughts and energies to the consideration of an important question, viz., how I was to get into bed! It was piled up so high, that any ordinary means would have been wholly inadequate. The chairs were all so large and heavy (I suppose to prevent the mad old gentleman throwing them at his keeper), that I found it quite impossible to lift one to the bedside and help myself up that way. The only plan was to take a run and a jump, and after many failures, I at length alighted on the top of this mountain of feather beds. There I lay for some time, watching the flickering of the fire on the ceiling, thinking of home, and of my different misadventures since I had left it so short a time ago. The house had become quite quiet, every one must have been in bed, when all at once an odd fancy seized me to look into the shower-bath and see what sort of place it was. I fought against the idea for some time, but finding it kept me awake, I thought it best to indulge it, and after much hesitation, and not a little laughing at myself for being so inquisitive, I descended carefully from the bed, and advanced on tip-toe towards the mysterious door.

I had already placed my hand on the handle, when I suddenly heard a slight noise within. My heart stood still. I thought for a moment, what if it should be the old mad-man's ghost?

But as quickly dismissing so absurd an idea, I remained perfectly still, holding my breath to listen. There! I heard it again, a low rustling, such as would be caused by a person breathing heavily in rather stiff clothes. I had no longer any doubt that some one was hidden there with an evil design. Quick as thought I turned the key so as to lock the door, and seizing the rope which hung close beside, I pulled it violently, at the same time screaming for help. A gasping, strangled shout came from within the closet, and then no sound was to be heard



Drawn by J. A. Thompson

THE SINGULAR IS THE EXTRAORDINARY.

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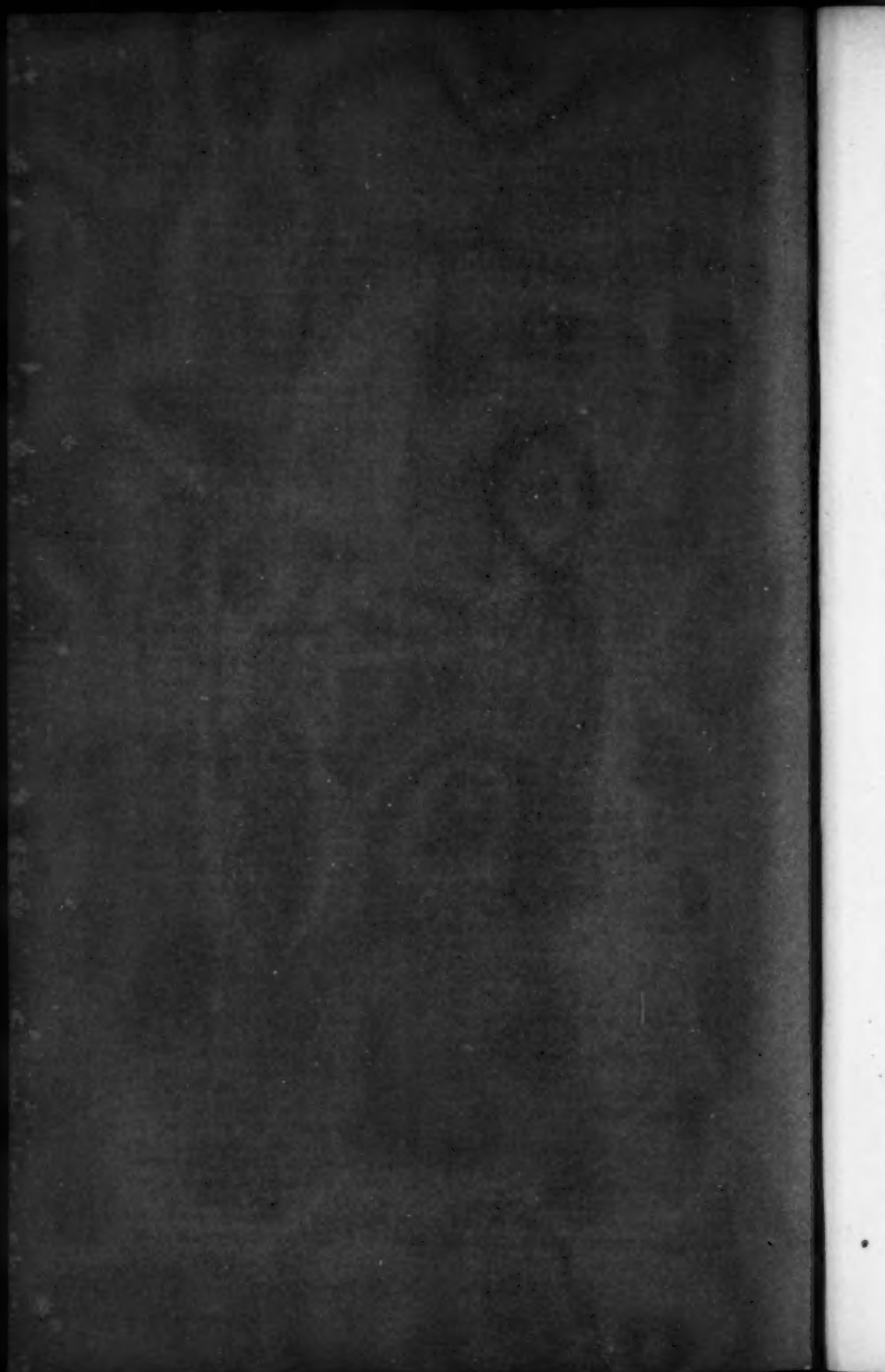
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Drawn by J. A. Peapack.

THE DUGGLAR IN THE SHOWER-BATH.

[See "My Best View."



but my own screams and the steady down-pour of the water from the cistern. Soon footsteps came running from all directions; my door was opened, and a confused troop of servants, with Sir Thomas at their head, rushed in. But I still clung to the rope as if for my life, screaming, 'Don't let him out! Don't let him out! He'll kill you!'

Sir Thomas, in the shortest of night-shirts, and the most wonderful night-cap, with a tassel at the top, stood motionless with astonishment, grasping in one hand a pair of trousers, and in the other an old scabbard without a sword. The servants, too, overcome with terror, did not stir beyond the door; and had not the water in the cistern failed at last, I know not how long we might all have remained in our respective positions. When nothing came of all my tugs at the rope but a few slow, heavy drops, I let go my hold, and gasped out to Sir Thomas, 'He's in there; I'm sure of it. But you may open the door now: I don't think he can hurt you.' They did open the door, and sure enough, there lay a half-drowned fustian-clothed ruffian, whose bunch of skeleton keys, and other burglarious implements, sufficiently showed what he had come for. He was thrust into the strong room as soon as he had recovered his consciousness, which was not for some time, thanks to my exertions with the rope.

A guard was placed at the door, and he was left to his own meditations till he could be conveyed in the morning to the nearest magistrate, who would commit him to the county gaol. I was taken to Lady Bullyon's own bed, where all my shyness having departed in the excitement of the moment, I answered all her questions, returned her kisses, and then fell into a dreamless slumber, from which I did not wake till a late hour on the following morning.

The hero of the shower-bath had been already carried off to prison when I at length awoke, but Lady Bullyon told me he had owned to having selected that place of concealment on account of the supersti-

tious horror in which it was held by the servants, as was well known in the village. He had been watching his opportunity some time, and had made himself so well acquainted with the ways of the household and the interior of the house, that while the servants were at supper, and we were in the drawing-room, he quietly walked in at a side door, and went up stairs to the haunted closet. The arrival of so unimportant a person as myself, and the fact of my occupying that room, had not reached his ears, else he might probably have deferred the execution of his project till another night. As it was, he felt so secure of being uninterrupted, that without even locking himself in, he merely shut the door, leaving the key on the outside, and being tired, and the closet, or rather bath, being very roomy, he sat down on the floor to fill up the time by taking a nap. Thus he never heard me come to bed, nor the maid's conversation, nor indeed anything, till down came the water and roused him with a vengeance, only to deprive him of breath and consciousness almost immediately after. We afterwards heard that he was fully committed for trial at the next assizes, where he was condemned to penal servitude for seven years.

Sir Thomas and Lady Bullyon overwhelmed me with praises and thanks. They did not know how to make enough of me, and I was only afraid their gratitude might take the form of inviting me to stay longer. But I showed such evident uneasiness when they hinted at it, that they kindly let me go at the time agreed upon, not, however, without many expressions of friendship, and many wishes that they might some day have an opportunity of doing me an essential service in their turn. I need not tell you of my dear mother's delight at hearing of my exploit. 'Who knows what may come of it?' she said; and something substantial did come of it. When Sir Thomas died, some few years afterwards, his will was found to contain a bequest to me of 300*l.* a year, 'as a mark of gratitude for the important service she rendered me, and of admiration for her

courage and presence of mind.' Upon this 300*l.* a year I live, retired and happy. I was too shy to marry, or even ever to be asked to marry, but I am not the less content on that account. Often

when sitting alone with my cats and dogs in the winter evenings, and looking round on my many comforts, my memory carries me back to the various accidents and the happy results of My First Visit.

THE PLAYGROUNDS OF EUROPE.

The Moléson.

[Recommended to the Perusal of Unpractised Climbers.]

'WHAT is the Moléson?' you will probably ask.

Baedeker, the best tourists' guide to Switzerland (who leads you step by step, over hill and dale, by paths which he has explored himself and who keeps innkeepers a little in check by the mention he makes of their various prices), replies in these laconic terms:—

'The Moléson (6172 feet), a continuation of the Jaman, the most advanced summit of the plateau, the Rigi of western Switzerland, an exceedingly abrupt cone in every direction, recognisable in all the panoramas of this region, surrounded by numerous pastures and forests, possesses a flora of peculiar richness. No habitations are to be found on this eminence, except a few wretched hovels a league from the top. Extensive panorama. The paths are impracticable for horses. At Albeuve, guides may be obtained at moderate charges.' A more recent edition (the sixth) adds, 'The ascent is usually made by starting from Bulle (4 hours), from Gruyère (3 hours), from Semsales or from Vaulruz on the western slope (3 to 3½ hours). We by no means recommend this latter path; because, at the outset, you pass over another steep mountain, which you have to redescend, solely to reach the foot of the Moléson. Refreshments, and four (?) beds, at the chalet Plané, one hour from the summit.'

I had already seen a portion of Switzerland. From Zurich I had crossed the Albis, my first and facile acquaintance with mountains. From Zug and Arth I had performed the splendid and comfortable ascent of

the Rigi, with beaten paths from the base to the kuhn, liberally garnished with châteaux, inns, and hotels, offering every necessary and almost every luxury. I had gone over the Brunig (before the carriage road was open), reached the pure blue glacier of Rosenlaui, and yet remained utterly ignorant of the Moléson. As some excuse, allow me to state that before venturing alone into Switzerland, I had consulted sundry special itineraries, drawn up by experienced hands for the use of persons wanting to see the greatest possible number of remarkable objects in the shortest possible space of time. In none of these was the Moléson even mentioned.

But on the 29th of July, 1861, while travelling by rail from Berne to Fribourg, I had not reached the first station before I found myself conversing with a Fribourg notary. What better companion can you have than a notary, to give you a complete inventory of all and everything? It is proverbial that, in diligences, people make acquaintance rapidly; in a railway carriage, the same thing is effected still more speedily, because you understand that you have not a minute to spare, if you want to pick up a little local information. Our conversation, therefore, for me, was both interesting and interested.

As to Fribourg itself, I knew very well what I wanted to see there; so I inquired for no more than the name of the hotel the most advantageous in all respects. But I insisted about the environs worth visiting.

'As you are going to Vevey,' he said, 'it is quite out of the question that you should omit making the ascent of our beautiful and beloved Fribourgian mountain, the Rigi of occidental Switzerland,'—you see he talked like Baedeker's book—'and at least the rival, as far as the view is concerned, of the other Rigi, which is so much cried up.' And then he enumerated, with the complacency of a person thoroughly full of his subject, the long list of his Moléson's merits, until he brought the water into my mouth. But what gave me one of those longings, which lay hold of you and pursue you wherever you go, until they are fully satisfied, was his peroration overflowing with Swiss sincerity.

'I must tell you, however, that my mountain is both steep and savage; that the only shelter it affords are dingy chalets; that the entire ascent must be made on foot; that there is no beaten track to the top, which is somewhat difficult to reach, and may even offer a certain amount of danger, unless your head is steady and your step sure. But you will be abundantly recompensed at the summit, especially if the sun allows you to witness his levée; besides which you will gather the rarest flowers—a pleasure denied by the Rigi's sterile ridge, in spite of its inferior elevation.'

We arrived early at Fribourg, distant only an hour by rail from Berne. We reached the town by the grand suspension-bridge, from which you step almost immediately into the Zähringen hotel. There I took leave of my amiable fellow-traveller. He told me his name; but the weakness of my memory, not the ingratitude of my heart, has caused me to forget it. Immediately on entering the house I begged the landlord, M. Kusler, to find me up some excursionists bound to the famous Fribourgian hill, whose strongly-marked features I first caught sight of from the Pont de Gotteron, a structure even higher and bolder than the Grand Bridge itself.

On returning to the hotel, mine

host presented me to M. Mauron, one of the Cantonal Councillors of State, and to M. Vogt, organist to the cathedral. The former had expressed his intention of scaling the Moléson the following day; the latter was going to perform, that evening, on Aloys Moser's celebrated organ. The artist was worthy of his instrument; he moved his audience even to tears. Nothing but the sacredness of the spot prevented outbursts of applause.

On returning to the inn, the morrow's excursion was our principal topic of conversation; and M. Mauron told me that he would provide not only a guide but a whole heap of useful articles—a telescope, a map—not to mention provisions. The prospect was all the more delightful, that Councillor Mauron was a highly-educated man, with a lively imagination, an original turn of mind, and, in spite of some sixty years, still in possession of excellent legs. I was, therefore, not surprised to learn that he had been tutor to Prince Nicholas Yonssouppoff, a Russian grandee, immensely rich.

We separated rather late in the evening, intending to meet next morning, the 30th of July, at half-past seven; to breakfast together, and start, at nine, for the little town of Bulle, at the foot of the Moléson. Notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, I slept but little that night. The ascension which I was about to make had taken a strange hold on my fancy. And I was much surprised at the circumstance, being now no longer a novice to the impressions of mountain scenery.

At five in the morning I was awake and stirring, and in another hour ready to depart. At half-past seven, as no M. Mauron appeared, I resolved to go and meet him, to calm my impatience. As I went on and on, and at last reached his residence without catching sight of him, I began to feel some apprehensions, which very soon were justified. I found him in bed, with his head tied up in a bandage stained with spots of blood. He had met with an unlucky fall overnight. He was in a fever, and his doctor had forbidden him to leave the house.

He expressed his deep and sincere regret; I expressed mine with no less depth and sincerity, and returned to the hotel quite taken aback. At a quarter to nine I had finished my sad and solitary breakfast; mine host had presented his bill 'received with thanks' (the accustomed formula of politeness here); and at nine I mounted the conveyance for Bulle, determined to venture up the Moléson alone, if needs must, although a little agitated by the thought, I hardly know why.

The road is interesting all the way to Bulle. From time to time the eye plunges into the valley, through which the Sarine flows tranquilly enough in his broad stony bed. About half-way they point out to you the suspension-bridge of Posieux (one of the countless 'Devil's bridges'), thrown with alpine boldness over a black and frightful ravine; but ever before you, awaiting your attack, stands the giant mountain, with his long and narrow ridge showing itself more and more distinctly conspicuous. At noon, under a scorching sun, I was at Bulle, the dépôt of the well-known Gruyère cheeses, which, as is less well known, are almost all made at Gessenay. I went to the inn called the Hôtel de Ville, and, feeling thoroughly exhausted, threw myself on a bed without undressing, begging them to wake me at three o'clock, or earlier, if any pilgrims to the Moléson should come.

At three precisely my slumbers were interrupted by good news in duplicate: three travellers had arrived, intending to start for the Moléson at four, and had ordered a dinner, which dinner was served.

I jumped off the bed, and hurried downstairs. In presence of the strangers, already at table, I unhesitatingly solicited the honour and happiness of sharing their repast and their excursion.

My frank request, expressed in few words, was immediately granted with the best grace in the world. They were a Frenchman and two gentlemen of Fribourg, speaking our language (French) perfectly. I did not learn their names and quali-

ties (nor did they mine) till afterwards; but I soon discovered that I was in company with three young and generous spirits.

A bottle of Yverne, coffee, and kirsch affixed the seal to our engagement. At four we were ready. As we were to return to dine at the hotel next day, we left all our luggage there which we did not absolutely want, and set off with the brightest of possible skies, restored strength, and in the best of spirits.

By the route we took, we had four-and-a-half hours' uphill walk before reaching the top. But as the afternoon was already too far advanced to complete the ascent that same day, it was agreed that we should make a halt, at rather more than two-thirds of the distance, in a chalet known to the two Fribourgians, who had been up the mountain before; that we should spend the early portion of the night there, and then proceed to reach the summit a little before sunrise—a moment which, amongst the hills, often brings disappointment with it, like many other things in this world. Alas, that it should be so!

Each of the Swiss excursionists carried a long and strong alpenstock; my French companion had nothing but a switch; I had only a short and light walking-stick, terminating, however, in an iron point. The long and heavy alpenstocks which I had seen during the course of my journey often appeared a useless piece of affectation, in the hands of either sex, on level ground, and I had taken a dislike to them. I refused to make use of them to the very last, sticking faithfully to my cherry-tree wand, and making it the bearer of the local brands which are a *testimonium presentie* at remarkable spots. I regretted the alpenstock only once; namely, while descending the Moléson: but then, indeed, I did regret it.

We arrived at the lower margin of the wooded belt which surrounds the hill. A stream of water, clear and peaceful (the latter a rare quality with streams in Switzerland), was the boundary which separated us from the forest. We easily crossed it by means of stepping-stones which

reared their mossy heads above the surface of the brook. Deciduous and resinous trees sheltered us from the heat of the sun, which had caused us no little inconvenience. The ascent was already begun.

After walking for nearly an hour, sometimes in the chequered shade, but more frequently across rich pastures, where the narrow and not always visible path scarcely served to guide us on the way, we reached without difficulty (the slope having hitherto been gentle) a vast extent of buildings, screened by a semi-transparent girdle of trees and hedges. It was *La Part-Dieu*, a religious house founded in 1307, and suppressed in 1847. To the convent (to which I paid little attention, by reason of its nude and insignificant architecture) is annexed a farm, which scarcely interested me more; because, in this grand solitude, it was inhabited—nay, all alive with cackling poultry and sturdy children dirty and wild to your heart's content—and miserably kept.

We did not remain at *La Part-Dieu* more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, and started again, but this time more slowly and with greater fatigue. The ascent became more and more steep, more and more difficult. Sometimes we had to cross soft and spongy bogs, hidden beneath rank herbage, and made just passable by round stumps of firwood placed close to each other, and forming, after all, only a very unstable and wearying causeway.

We were in the region of pines. Not a breath of wind whispered amongst the branches; not a bird twittered or fluttered beneath the foliage; [there are no birds in Switzerland; it is one harmony the less in the grand concert of nature;] only, from distance to distance was heard the tinkling of the bell hanging at the neck of a goat or cow, themselves invisible, and the continuous murmur of the waters running along their pebbly channel. It was imposing, but melancholy. We were the only creatures on this desert path, which we followed as it led us ever higher and higher.

At last, after stopping more than

once to rest, we reached an extent of table-land whose surface was unlevel and strewn with boulders, and on which we caught sight of a low, long chalet, supremely black, which M. Joanne (who doubtless has never seen it) presumes to call, in his 'Guide,' a sort of inn. It was our only refuge for the night. We had Hobson's choice; that, or the naked wilderness.

It was half-past seven. The sun, who still shone in an unclouded sky, was about to disappear beneath the horizon. While my companions proceeded to the hovel, summoning a remnant of strength, I scaled an eminence to enjoy the spectacle of the fiery orb sinking, in floods of light, behind the long dark-blue wall of the Jura. I then directed my steps to the chalet, having before me the brown and arid peak of the mountain, which overhung our present station at an elevation of five or six hundred yards. This final stage of the ascent would take at least an hour to accomplish, especially as we were to perform it in the darkness of night. The scheme seemed venturesome, if not perilous, and, I confess, made a strong impression on my mind.

At this moment all the cattle were returning home to the chalet. They were a numerous herd of cows, goats, and swine, each with a little bell fastened to its neck. The tinkling of this multitude of bells, soft in sound and diverse in tone, made a singularly harmonious accompaniment to the shadow and silence of the mountain.

I found my companions in a vast and murky shed, settling the conditions of our board and lodging with three or four tall mountaineers, as black as soot, who were keeping up the fire, without any chimney, beneath an enormous caldron, in the midst of pungent smoke, which could only escape by the chinks in the roof. But at the same time I noticed, in this darksome den, rows of large wooden bowls full of milk and cream of immaculate whiteness. The contrast was particularly striking.

One of the black goblins who haunted the place, and who spoke

nothing but harsh German gibberish, showed us up a rough, mill-like, ladder-staircase, into a chamber whose whole furniture consisted of two narrow rickety beds, two benches and one table, on which he placed a smoky-smelling lamp, a black compact and heavy loaf, some little bowls full of milk, and wooden spoons of the most primitive pattern. The milk was sweet and good, excellent, delicious; but the bread——! Such is the cowhouse and piggery combined which has been promoted to the rank of *une espèce d'auberge*, and which is known in the neighbourhood as the Plianney, or Plané. It was lucky for us that we had brought a small reserve of provisions with us.

About half-past nine we thought of going to bed; but not being able to make up my mind to share one of the luxurious couches before me, I caused inquiry to be made of our savage hosts whether they could not put me into some out-of-the-way corner, garnished with a bundle of straw and a truss of hay. They conducted me, without any light, into a little attic full of aromatic hay, and with no other opening besides the door and a wicket closed by a solid wooden shutter. My bed was soon made, and I was stretched upon it, undressing no further than my shoes and gaiters. In a few minutes I fell asleep, lulled by the talk of my travelling companions, from whom I was separated only by a thin partition, which allowed the light to glimmer through it from the shrinking of the wood. Weariness had overpowered me.

Unfortunately, I was soon awake again, streaming with perspiration, in a high fever, and with a splitting headache. I was instantly aware that the strong and penetrating odour of the mountain hay had induced the first symptoms of suffocation. Consequently, jumping up, I forced open the wicket to let in fresh air.

Breathing, bareheaded, the cool breeze of night, with half my person thrust outside, I tried to look before and below me. In all directions, impenetrable darkness. But on the horizon, towards the north-east,

broad sheet-lightning, unaccompanied by sound, shed a feeble gleam over huge masses of cloud. Overhead, in the north, shone the Great Bear constellation, brighter than ever in its twinklings, and still surmounted by the long-tailed comet which, already pale and small, was plunging almost perpendicularly into the abysses of the firmament.

This spectacle, beheld from such a spot and under such circumstances, could not fail to produce its soothing effects. Feeling calmed and refreshed, I was preparing to lie down again (but with the window open), when the chalet's wooden clock, with discordant creakings, struck one in the morning. Sundry lowings and bleatings beneath me responded to the sound, and I gave up all notion of going to sleep again, remembering that, at half-past two, we were to begin our climb to the mountain-top.

For some time I had been thinking about our imminent and adventurous expedition, when I heard my companions getting out of bed. A few taps on the partition informed them that I should soon be with them. At a quarter to two I was in their chamber. The smoky-smelling lamp had been relighted, and they were making some coffee with the aid of a spirit-lamp. At half-past two our coffee was drunk, our hotel bill paid (the charges were by no means so modest as the accommodation), and the door of the chalet closed upon us.

To gain the first slopes of the peak, we had only a few hundred steps to set—but, gracious heavens, what a path! Fancy a black, boggy soil, so trodden by cattle that it was impossible to avoid putting your feet into holes, which frequently were the cause of stumbling. It is true the night was very dark; but this state of things suited me all the less that one of my feet had received a slight hurt, my shoe having grazed the skin a little above the heel. Notwithstanding which, the critical moment soon arrived when the brunt of the ascent was to be grappled with. Our arrangements were speedily made. The two Fri-bourgians, armed with their alpen-

stocks, formed the van and led the way. The two Frenchmen, with their small walking-sticks, were in the rear. We marched in Indian file, slowly and prudently, following exactly each other's footsteps.

Moreover, the slope was abrupt and steep, and the rock—a loose sort of pudding-stone—anything but solid under our feet. At a certain elevation, on suddenly hearing some stones rolling down behind me, I instinctively stretched out my hands, clinging firmly to the rocks, and even to the ground. Then, for the first time, I looked back; and, at the sight of that dark chaos of shadows—at the sound of the pebbles leaping down-hill, I halted involuntarily. A bar of iron compressed my chest, and a cold sweat burst out upon my forehead. This painful emotion soon passed away, and I speedily rejoined my friends, who continued their march before me, silently and slowly. You see that I have no intention to boast, and that I am not afraid of confessing those few moments of weakness, to which the most resolute nature might temporarily yield.

After some three-quarters of an hour of up-hill toil, we rested ourselves for a few minutes, and then first perceived, in the S. S. E., the thin sharp edge of the waning moon, scarcely illuming the sky with a pale and doubtful glimmer. At the same time the darkness of the night appeared to diminish just the least in the world.

We did not reach the much-wished-for summit until very nearly four in the morning. The sky was but slightly paling in the east; it would be three-quarters of an hour before the sun could rise; and night still veiled the landscape, although with a more transparent shade. We were all excessively fatigued, and, moreover, very cold. So we drew upon the flask of one of our party for a glass of kirschwasser all round. It was our first libation to the Genius of the Mountain.

At that moment—a few paces from us, and on the slope opposite to that which we had just climbed with so much labour—there appeared successively, like shadows

rising from the earth, nine or ten persons, amongst whom we could distinguish several females, whose presence, nevertheless, had not revealed itself by any sound of voice or step. We soon learned that we had fallen in with a couple of *Vandoise* and *Valaisian* families, who had started at one in the morning from *Albeuve*. The ascent on that side is shorter than by the path which we had taken, but steeper and rougher from beginning to end, and thereby impracticable for horses and mules; whereas, from *Bulle*, they can at least get as far as *Plané*. And yet, here were three ladies, two of them mere girls, amongst the unexpected arrivals! But these women had the constitutions of mountaineers and the legs of *chamois* (I had nearly written 'gazelles,' for poetry's sake).

We were shivering, in spite of our drink of kirsch, and were drumming on the ground with our feet to warm them a little, while waiting for the sun's more-than-ever-desired appearance, when we heard the short snapping noise of twigs being broken close to us. Our *Vandois* and *Valaisans*, knowing what they were about, and loving their ease, had provided themselves with a stock of wood. Soon there crackled and blazed a cheerful fire, whose warmth we were allowed to share without ceremony. And there passed kindly and interesting words on that bare observatory, six thousand feet high, where the love of the beautiful and the unknown had assembled us, strangers to each other, together.

Meanwhile day was dawning. The distant outline of the horizon showed itself more and more sharply defined; the moon faded like a mere remnant of mist about to melt in the azure firmament; while the deep, deep plain, and valleys and gorges deeper still, gently shook off their shroud of darkness.

Suddenly an exclamation burst from several mouths at once. It was a salutation addressed to the great luminary who, rising in an unclouded sky, was gloriously lighting up the whole expanse of heaven. A dazzling ray was shot from the east; and this first fiery

dart hit at one stroke the heads of Monte Rosa, Mount Cervin, and Mont Blanc—the three great giants of the Valais and Savoy, almost standing in a line, and of almost equal elevation—whose very waist we should not have reached on the top of our pigmy Moléson. Nevertheless, I began to feel ill at ease, being both perched on too lofty a pinnacle, and having too little standing-room on the narrow ridge, which hoisted you, almost astride, between the two abysses of its opposite slopes, of which we had just scaled one, and were soon to descend the other.

It was a young Valaisanne, with a countenance intelligent rather than pretty, who, with a smile upon her lips, told me the names of the three colossi. And she proceeded to tell me plenty of others, her delight and enjoyment still increasing, in proportion as the sun rose higher and brought out every detail of the immense panorama. She addressed her fresh and merry laugh to all the quarters of the compass; exactly as the morning lark, excited with air and liberty, scatters his aerial notes to the clouds.

'Look there, Monsieur,' she said, stretching her child-like finger into space. 'There, in front of the Diablerets, is the Dent* de Morcles, the Dent de Corgeon, the Dent Blanche, the Dent du Midi, the Dent de Chaman, the Dent d'Oche.'

I expressed my astonishment at her topographical knowledge and at her remembrance of all those names.

'Don't be surprised at that, Monsieur. I have learnt it all from your Joanne; and, as you say, I have a good memory. But that's not all. There, again, is the Dent de Lys, the Dent de Vaulion, the Dent de Broc—'

My eye, dazzled, fascinated, followed her finger; and I saw, in my troubled, tired imagination, monstrous tusks, formidable incisors, enormous grinders, pointed fangs, starting in all directions from gigantic jaws of granite. The blood was rushing to my head; I could scarcely keep my equilibrium. I

* Sharp, jagged, time-worn peaks are often styled *dents*, or teeth, in Switzerland.

made an effort to resist the weakness; I tried to answer, to continue the conversation, to show how amiable and clever I was—and not a word would come to my lips (I recall it with shame for French intelligence), but this coarse pleasantry which, nevertheless, was the melancholy truth.

'Much obliged to you for all your Dents, Mademoiselle. My teeth are already set on edge by them—quite enough for once, I can assure you!'

The merry maiden laughed in my face, notwithstanding my evident discomfort. And she utterly upset me, by running with her brother to the very verge of the cliff, where they carelessly gathered dead grass and sticks, to keep the fire from going out.

You know the effect produced on nervous persons by the sight of any one leaning too far out of an upper window, or walking on the edge of a lofty wall. You tremble for their safety; you beg them to have a care; you shrink back yourself, as if it were you that was in danger. The sensation is excessively painful.

I was suffering from this feeling to a terrible degree. I called for help, and pointed with horror to the two young people who were disporting on the brink of the delicity. The father and mother interfered, and called their children away from the dangerous spot, perhaps more out of compassion for me than through any apprehension in regard to them.

'Monsieur has reason for his alarm,' said one of their party who was close to me. 'At this very place, where we now are standing, a frightful accident occurred only two years ago. A young girl from Bulle was gathering flowers, only a few paces away from her family and friends. They saw her lean forwards, and fall on her hands. They heard her laugh as she tried to creep back again. But she could not get back. She slipped, and slipped, still sliding downwards. Then her onward movement increased in rapidity. She called for help; her shrieks became desperate. She rolled over and over. She bounded like a stone hurled from

the summit. They heard nothing more; she was a silent corpse, but still dashed along with accelerated velocity, until stopped at last, a broken and shapeless mass. What a scene! What outbursts of grief! What despair! The flowers she had gathered, still clenched in her hand, were shared amongst her playfellows as memorials of her fate.

My juvenile companions laughed no longer, but instinctively nestled close to their parents. As for me, I felt worse than ever. There seemed to be a veil between my eyes and every visible object; the air appeared to boil, as in a mirage. The tragical story I had just heard rang in my ears like a funeral bell. I fancied that some one was uttering cries of distress. And then, do all I could, my eyes would look down to the base of the mountain, involuntarily drawn by the Château de Gruyère, perched on its hillock six thousand feet beneath us. This deep, immense, fearful void attracted me painfully, invincibly. At that moment I experienced the strongest and strangest sensation which can possibly seize hold of the human organism. I felt what I never knew before, and hope never to know again. My head was turning with the giddy height. It was dizziness, vertigo, unmistakable, complete, the result of fatigue and feverish watchings, acting on a frame rendered more impressionable by the excitement of travel.

To break the spell, I sat down on the ground, as well as to conceal my deplorable condition. I did not want my fellow-travellers to notice my infirmity, and that I was almost fainting. Nay, I took advantage of the opportunity to assume a most ungraceful position, laying myself on the flat of my stomach, which I felt was the speediest way of rallying.

Nevertheless, I condescended to practise a bit of hypocritical coquetry. I made believe to have found some curious object, and to be examining it closely. And as my head grew gradually calmer, I did, in fact, find something, without having sought it, without having

even suspected its presence. I had before my astonished eyes a thick tuft of the little gentian, bearing flowers of the brightest blue, and, to the right and the left, within my reach, tiny plants of *myosotis* in full bloom. I gathered with delight a few specimens of each, displayed them with ostentatious affectation, and stored them carefully between the pages of my guide book.

These floral gems naturally recalled the thought of the young Bulloise's dreadful end. But strength of mind had returned with repose of body and calmness of thought. I rose with a renewed stock of resolution and philosophy. I believe my companions became aware of what a pitiable condition I had been in. Indeed, I confessed it, frankly and humbly. They addressed me with evident sympathy. One of them, holding a pint of champagne in his hand, cordially invited me to take my share. The bottle was speedily uncapped, and our leather goblets filled and emptied twice to the prosperity of Switzerland and France. Unluckily, one of my comrades took it into his head to set the bottle, bottom upwards, at the edge of the grassy slope, and let it go. At first it glided, then rolled, then bounded, and at last was smashed to atoms against the first rock it met with, which was several hundred feet from its point of departure. As you may imagine, every eye followed it until the final catastrophe, and the fate of the maid of Bulle was again brought to mind. With that, and the vertiginous fascination exercised upon me by the Château de Gruyère, I was once more obliged, resist it how I might, to resume a ridiculous horizontal position.

They tried to divert my attention by pointing out, at a distance, the white, but no longer the virgin, Jungfrau — the lakes of Morat, Geneva, Bienne, and Neuchâtel. But the sun, rising higher and higher above the horizon, made mountain, lake, and glacier quiver and tremble in a haze of light. It overcame me with a sickening feeling. They were obliged to let me remain quiet for a while.

But the time for our departure was come. It was then half-past five in the morning. The descent would take us three hours to perform; we had to visit the Château de Gruyère, and the loss of the Tine; and also to reach Bulle not too late for my friends to return to Fribourg, and myself to sleep at Vevey. Our Vaudois and Valaisans had already bidden us adieu. They disappeared out of sight down the rugged path which led us hither, while we in turn had to descend the slippery slope which they had mounted.

So I stirred up my courage with heart and soul, and vigorously shook myself, both morally and physically. The Fribourgians, armed with their alpenstocks, boldly descended the grassy declivity, while we Frenchmen, with only our walking-sticks, followed the crest of the mountain, hoping to meet with a gentler incline. But to go on in that way long was impossible. We were obliged at last to venture and obey the invitations of our friends below, however slowly and painfully at first. I tried going backwards, throwing my whole weight upon my stick; then I let myself slide a little, holding on fast with both my hands. Practice, they say, makes perfect; if not perfect, I was at least improved. When once the steepest part of the slope was passed, I was no longer the hindmost of the party. About eight we entered a narrow gorge, full of shadow, foliage, and waterfalls. Then, crossing a meadow bounded by a brook, we got safely to Albeuve at last.

Although excessively fatigued, I would accompany my friends to Gruyère. Melancholy, little, decrepit, deserted town; ancient castle flanked with towers and ramparts. As usual, they preferred showing us abominable remnants of the past, dungeons and instruments of torture, to allowing us to linger amongst its tapestry and furniture, which are at least harmless vestiges of the olden time. The whole is

now the property of a Geneva watch-maker. Such are the lessons which history teaches to the great ones of the land.

Not having absolutely the strength to go and see the Tine disappear in the earth, I went into the Hôtel de l'Ange, there to await my friends' return. The first thing I saw in it was a comfortable sofa, and the first thing I did was to lay myself upon that sofa and fall asleep for a couple of hours. And then I made a capital breakfast.

About noon, the visitors of the Tine's descent underground returned to fetch me in a carriage. I paid my bill, which contained a curious item: 'For having reposed on the sofa, one franc.' I regretted not having slept on a chair, being curious to know how much they would have charged for that less pretentious place of rest.

At three we reached Bulle, twenty-three hours after leaving it. The same idea struck us all simultaneously; namely, that the best of all things would be a bath. In truth, we had fairly earned it.

At four, we took our last repast together; and before rising from table and separating, we exchanged cards. Then only I knew that I had ascended the Moléson in company with MM. V. de Mutach (of Holligen), Charles de Chollet (of Fribourg), and B. Dupuy, engineer, of Lyons; while they were informed that they had vouchsafed that honour to an advocate, once mayor of the town of Calais, for which great kindness I thank them afresh.

Subsequently, passing over the Col de Balme, I visited the valley of Chamounix. Shall I ever write a description of this latter portion of my tour? I think not. The subject has been so often treated, that one is apt to believe it to be exhausted. The Moléson, on the contrary, had the advantage of having been neglected by the pens of travellers. I therefore determined to give the best account I could at least of 'the Rigi of Western Switzerland.'

ERNEST LE BEAU.

THE LONDON OPERA DIRECTORS:

A SERIES OF CURIOUS ANECDOTIC MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCIPAL MEN CONNECTED
WITH THE DIRECTION OF THE OPERA;
THE INCIDENTS WHICH DISTINGUISHED THEIR MANAGEMENT;
WITH REMINISCENCES OF CELEBRATED COMPOSERS AND THE LEADING SINGERS
WHO HAVE APPEARED BEFORE THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

By the Author of 'Queens of Song.'

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. DELAFIELD—HIS MAD SPECULATION—
MAGNIFICENT PLANS AND PROJECTS—
MR. FREDERICK GYE—MISTAKES AND
MISCHANCES—PAULINE GARCIA—RECK-
LESS EXPENSES—MR. SIMS REEVES—
'LE PROPHÈTE'—RETURN OF MADAME
SONTAG—A MANAGER IN DESPAIR—
WRECK AND RUIN—ENDEAVOURS MADE
TO UNITE THE RIVAL OPERATIC ESTAB-
LISHMENTS—AN OPERATIC REPUBLIC—
SIGNOR TAMBERLIK—A MANAGER'S DIP-
FICULTIES—'LA TEMPESTA'—REAP-
PEARANCE OF MADAME PASTA—THE
YEAR OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION—
FURTHER UNCERTAINTIES AND DIFFI-
CULTIES—THE 'WAGNER QUARREL'—
FLIGHT OF A PRIMA DONNA—A DIREC-
TOR IN AN UNPLEASANT POSITION—
LORD WARD—CLOSE OF HER MAJESTY'S
THEATRE—A FORLORN OPERA-HOUSE—
MADAME BOSIO—THE YEAR OF THE WAR
—COVENT GARDEN THEATRE BURNED
DOWN—LORD WARD'S PROJECTS—HER
MAJESTY'S THEATRE OPEN ONCE MORE—
MADAMOISELLE PICCOLOMINI—WHIMS
AND FANCIES OF A FAMOUS TENOR—
'CHEAP NIGHTS' AT HER MAJESTY'S—
A NEW THEATRE—A NEW QUEEN OF
SONG—MR. LUMLEY OBLIGED TO GIVE UP
POSSESSION OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE
—DEATH OF MADAME BOSIO—ITALIAN
OPERA AT DRURY LANE—HER MAJESTY'S
THEATRE REOPENED WITH SILENDOUR
—MR. BENEDICT—SIGNOR ARDITI—THE
FLORAL HALL—REMARKABLE PERFORM-
ANCES—MR. MAPLESON—'FAUST'—
ANOTHER INUTILE ATTEMPT MADE TO
UNITE THE RIVAL OPERA-HOUSES.

IN 1848 Covent Garden Theatre was taken by Mr. Delafield, a young man who had recently attained his majority, and come into possession of a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds. He was, it unfortunately happened, totally ignorant of even the most ordinary practical details of the management of an operatic establishment, and was obliged to depend on others for advice in the

commonest matters connected with the theatre.

The prospectus which he issued declared that the Royal Italian Opera was commenced with a view to 'the effective representation of operas by the most eminent composers, without distinction of country.' There was a certain anomaly involved in the title of the Royal Italian Opera—but the works were sung in Italian, so it passed unquestioned.

Everything was done on a scale of almost unparalleled splendour, and truly reckless prodigality. The young manager spared no expense in the plans which he laid out for the production of the various operas—scenery, orchestra, decorations, all were magnificent. M.M. Grieve and Telbin were the scene-painters. The celebrated chef d'orchestre, Signor Costa, and his accomplished artists, were retained, strengthened by the assistance of some of the most brilliant musicians of Italy, France, and Germany. Godfrey's military band was also engaged. Mr. Alfred Mellon was leader of the ballet. Every department was well filled. To nearly every singer in Europe Mr. Delafield offered engagements. The vocalists who accepted his proposals were Mesdames Persiani, Alboni, Castellan, Grist, and Viardot; Signori Mario, Tamburini, Ronconi. The chief dancers were Mademoiselle Fabbri and Lucille Grahm.

The general management of the business affairs of the theatre was entrusted to Mr. Frederick Gye; and it could not have fallen into better hands; for this gentleman had had great experience, and he was well adapted, by his practical knowledge, urbane and courteous manners, and unfailing determination to preserve discipline, to conduct the affairs of an establishment like

the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Pon-teau was his subordinate, looking to matters in front of the house. The stage-manager was Mr. Alfred Harris.

One of the primary mistakes was the overwhelming expense entered into. With the hope of retrenching, the Director was induced to commit another well-nigh fatal error—to dismiss a large number of servants and stage supernumeraries—thus materially injuring the beauty of the groupings in some of the operas where numbers were indispensable for effect, such as the scene of the gathering of the clans in the 'Donna del Lago,' and the riot scene in the 'Huguenots.' The consequence was, that when Mr. Bunn brought out the 'Lady of the Lake' at Drury Lane, comparisons unfavourable to the Royal Italian Opera were made between the splendour of his scene representing the gathering of the clans and the scanty grouping on the stage representing the same scene in the 'Donna del Lago.'

The performances, however, were, as a whole, of a magnificence which almost eclipsed those of the older house, although Mr. Lumley not only had secured the great singer who had the preceding season driven London out of its senses, but had besides drawn together a most excellent company, and brilliant dancers—Marie Taglioni, Carito, Rosati, Carlotta Grisi, and M. St. Léon. By the production of 'La Favorita,' 'Les Huguenots,' and other works, on a scale of splendour never attempted before, the Royal Italian Opera was raised to the position of being one of the very first operatic establishments in Europe.

The announcement of Pauline Garcia's first appearance created an immense sensation in musical circles. Nine years before, when a girl of eighteen, she had made her début in England at Her Majesty's Theatre. She had then, in the character of Desdemona, achieved a veritable triumph. The girl of eighteen was, by universal acclamation, placed in the same rank with her sister, Maria Malibran, with Pasta, and with all the famous vocalists who had preceded her. She

had appeared again the year subsequent to her marriage—1841. By 1848 her genius had matured; she had passed from triumph to triumph in all the leading continental cities. So much had been predicted of her before she appeared, that the house was crowded on her first night. She came before the public trammelled by circumstances which would have entailed irretrievable ruin on an inferior singer; her marvellous genius alone enabled her to surmount these cruel disadvantages. So agitated was she when she stepped on the stage, that her trembling was apparent to all parts of the house. It was not until she had been heard in the 'Huguenots' that she gained her right position. At the end of the season 'Guillaume Tell' was produced. There was an intense excitement in the musical world when this opera was announced. Nothing was neglected by the manager which could render the performance irreproachable. The band and chorus were faultless, the *mise-en-scène* magnificent, the singers admirable—but, from a variety of causes, the opera was a failure; the chief reason perhaps being, that it was brought out at the very close of the season.

The expenses had been almost reckless. In the vocal department, 33,349*l.* had been laid out; on the ballet, 8,105*l.* One dancer alone, Lucile Grahn, had received 1,120*l.* The orchestra had cost 10,048*l.*

When the season terminated rumours were circulated speaking of utter ruin as certain. For once, rumour was correct in its surmises.

Mr. Lumley had strained every nerve to carry his establishment successfully through the season. The command of the orchestra was confided to Mr. Balfe—an appointment which met with the unanimous approbation of the subscribers and of the general public. Mr. Sims Reeves essayed the Italian stage as Carlo, in the opera of 'Linda.' He appeared only once; for his favourite part of Edgardo having been taken by Signor Gardoni, he threw up his engagement in anger. The trial was of unusual difficulty, as it was then of rare occurrence that an

English singer ventured on the boards of the Italian stage. The season closed with every outward sign of prosperity; yet embarrassments were harassing the Director on all sides.

Mr. Delafield renewed his experiment in the following year, wisely determining to reduce his expenses. At the very outset he committed an error, in allowing Alboni to go over to Her Majesty's Theatre. The great interest of this season, in London as well as in Paris, was centred in 'Le Prophète.' Madame Viardot performed Fides—how grandly, it is needless to recal. She had taken the character when the work was brought out in Paris. The day after the first representation, Meyerbeer wrote a deeply grateful and gratifying letter to the prima donna. 'I ceased for an instant to remember that I was the author of the work,' he said. 'You had transformed me into a breathless and excited auditor of your impassioned and truthful accents.' What praise this was, coming from Meyerbeer, need not be suggested to those who knew anything of the fastidious disposition of the great composer. After the fourth representation, Mr. Harris went over to Paris to witness the *mise-en-scène*, preparatory to the production of the opera at the Royal Italian Opera. Mario went to study Roger's interpretation of the part of Jean of Leyden. Catherine Hayes took the character of Bertha, originally performed by Madame Castellan. Even the subordinate characters were excellently filled. Everything was done to render the performance splendid and attractive. The scenery was gorgeous, the dresses new and costly; the decorations, processions—the entire arrangements, in fact—magnificent and sparkling. The skating-scene was a marvel of art. To mount four operas only—'Le Prophète,' 'Les Huguenots,' 'Lucrezia Borgia,' and 'La Donna del Lago'—cost twenty-five thousand pounds.

At Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Sims Reeves repeated his essay. The great attractions of the season, however, were the return to the stage of Madame Sontag—the Coun-

tesse Rossi—and the début of Mademoiselle Parodi, favourite pupil of Madame Pasta. Both these events caused the keenest curiosity and expectation. The reappearance of the Countess Rossi, after an absence of twenty years, created a furore, although she did not achieve a real success. Her sad, romantic history, the recollection of what she had been, surmises as to how she would now sing, with many other reasons, threw an additional interest around her name. If she arrived too late to insure the prosperity of the season, she at least rescued the theatre and the manager from ruin. She lifted Her Majesty's Theatre from the difficulties into which it had been thrown by the retirement of Jenny Lind—an event which had so seriously injured the director that he regarded it as 'le commencement de la fin.' The Sontag furore promised to equal the Lind mania; again, strangely enough, the old legends were circulated in a new form. Concerning the success of her favourite pupil—Mademoiselle Parodi—Madame Pasta was deeply anxious. She wrote warmly to the director of Her Majesty's Theatre, recommending 'la mia Teresa' to his care. The début of the young lady, however, resulted in disappointment to all.

Many causes combined to entangle Mr. Lumley more fatally day by day. In despair he wrote to Rubini, imploring his help. 'Once more,' he said, 'you will save a friend—you will save this great establishment.' 'Your letter has touched me profoundly,' the great tenor replied, 'but it cannot be. A thousand circumstances render my reappearance impossible. It costs me more than you can suppose to persist in this resolution; but I must abide by it—you cannot, must not, count on me.' Further correspondence ensued; the most urgent appeals were made by Mr. Lumley, but Rubini was inexorable.

The season terminated.

It had not been a happy one for the director of Her Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Delafield was a bankrupt. In his schedule there was almost every imaginable description of creditor—

noblemen, shopkeepers, newspaper proprietors, singers, dancers, dress-makers, hotel-keepers, mechanics, architects, the band of the Coldstream Guards, engravers, tailors, prompters, gas-fitters, a gas company, rope-makers, police commissioners (for the attendance of constables at the theatre), bankers, chimney-sweepers, the proprietors of Waterloo Bridge (for exhibiting bills), &c., *ad infinitum*. Besides these, nearly every one engaged at the theatre, from prima donna to lamplighter, from Mademoiselle Angri, a Greek singer, who demanded eighteen hundred pounds, down to the pettiest hanger on, was credited with various amounts. He disappeared, but for years his mad speculation was not forgotten, and the gossips amused themselves with vain surmises as to his ultimate destiny.

Overtures were made to Mr. Lumley, on the part of the gentlemen connected with the Royal Italian Opera, to merge both operas in one, and advantageous terms were offered him to retire from the management of Her Majesty's Theatre in order to facilitate this design. These terms he declined to accept, having already entered into other plans. At this time he was desirous to obtain the direction of the Italian Opera in Paris, then in the hands of Ronconi. Intrigues, hostilities, mischances of every kind were opposed to his project, but he persevered until he gained his wish.

Covenant Garden Theatre opened in 1850 for its fourth season, under the direction of a republic, of which Mr. Gye was a member—if not the chief. Mr. Gye's energy was indomitable, his industry untiring, and his influence despotic. In every way he was eminently fitted to rule a vast operatic establishment. He overlooked the most minute details in each department of the musical arrangements—nothing escaped his notice. The principal aim of the directors was to give the operas of the grand French school, and to produce them in the utmost splendour and completeness. Their greatest successes were achieved by

'Les Huguenots,' 'Masaniello,' 'Le Prophète,' and 'Robert le Diable.' It was a year of splendid performances, memorable for many reasons. The company and the operas were both admirable; the band and chorus were pronounced to be the finest in Europe. The leading female singers were Mesdames Castellani, Vera, De Mario, Grisi, and Viardot; the male singers were Formes, Tamberlik, Zelger, Mario, Tamburini, Ronconi, and others. It was during this season that Signor Tamberlik made his first appearance in England. He at once became a favourite, although, judged by the highest standard, he was by no means a perfect or highly-finished artist. He was one of the handsomest men ever seen on the stage; he was endowed with a beautiful voice, and an incomparable accent in pronouncing Italian, and he had a power of energy and sympathetic warmth which enabled him at any time to carry away his audience. The unlucky costume worn on his first appearance in 'Moïse,' excited much laughter from its absurdity. He came on the stage with bare arms, on which were placed gold bracelets; he wore a spangled petticoat and bodice, and had false hair plaited at the sides of his face. Although he had a superb figure, and a profile exquisitely chiselled as an antique cameo, yet attire so ridiculously disfiguring, nearly ruined his own chance of success and endangered the opera. Herr Formes, this season, injudiciously attempted Italian opera, in which he disappointed even his most ardent admirers. Signor Mario, too, disappointed the public by his inefficiency in the part of Eleazar ('La Juive'), a part which, it was said, he had most anxiously desired to perform.

Mr. Lumley's difficulties increased daily, and he felt that nothing could save his theatre. None of the new singers excited the slightest sensation, although many were tried. The event of the season was the production of 'La Tempesta,' an opera written expressly for England by MM. Scribe and Halévy. Every resource afforded by Her Majesty's Theatre was employed to

bring out this work with effect. The best singers in the company were assembled to render it with spirit. The Caliban of Lablache, the Miranda of Madame Sontag, and the Ariel of Carlotta Grisi, created a temporary curiosity. Both composer and librettist came to London for the purpose of superintending the last rehearsals of the work. To celebrate the arrival of these gentlemen, Mr. Lumley gave a grand dinner, at which many men of high rank and distinction were present. In the opera, the popular air by Dr. Arne, 'Where the bee sucks,' was employed by the composer for the pantomimic music of Ariel, and as the finale of the piece. Unluckily, this was the only morceau in the three acts which obtained universal admiration. The character of Caliban was the last, as it was judged by some to be perhaps the best 'creation' of Lablache. It became the 'town talk' for a while, and was justly regarded as a masterpiece.

To the great surprise of the frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre, Madame Pasta appeared for one night at the close of the season. She was then staying for a short time with her pupil, Mademoiselle Parodi. Never was singer more ill-advised than the once mighty Queen of Song, in thus consenting to pass across the scene of her former triumphs. The fine phrasing, the faultless style, the grand declamation, the classic severity of taste, were, it is true, still remaining; the rest was not to be conjured up by imagination. Her voice, always veiled and husky even in its prime, was utterly gone. She had the misfortune to be dressed in the most disfiguring manner. Yet, as one of the reigning Queens of Song (Madame Viardot) cried, looking at this noble ruin, it was like the Cenacolo of Da Vinci at Milan—a wreck of a picture, but that picture the greatest picture in the world. Mademoiselle Parodi continued vainly her effort to attain the place which she ambitiously coveted. Mr. Lumley had now obtained the formal concession of the Parisian Italian Opera. Like all similar concessions under the

regulations then existing in France, it was hampered with conditions of a most embarrassing nature—conditions minutely described in Mr. Lumley's 'Reminiscences.' Some of them are positively ludicrous. He lost, in the two disastrous seasons of 1850-1 and 1851-2, while director of the Italian Opera in Paris, nearly five hundred thousand francs, or twenty thousand pounds. With many institutions of superior importance, the Italian Opera was shaken to its foundation by the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851.

The fiction of the operatic republic of directors at Covent Garden Theatre was dropped in 1851, when Mr. Frederick Gye declared himself sole manager. The effects of a spirit of order and judicious discipline were soon perceptible. A wise retrenchment was the first step taken. Every one in the theatre, from the *prima donna assoluta* to the very doorkeeper, willingly submitted to a reduction of salary, and this reduction, combined with a generally vigilant administration, changed the entire aspect of affairs at the Royal Italian Opera. From that time, Mr. Gye has continued, year after year, to govern his empire with perfect judgment, carrying over season after season successfully. This season—1851—his singers were Mesdames Grisi, Angri, Castellan, Viardot, and Louisa Pyne; MM. Tamberlik, Formes, Tagliafico, Ronconi, Mario, Tamburini, &c. Miss Pyne had never, until this season, attempted Italian opera; and the essay was all the more wonderful in its success when it was considered that she replaced another singer (Mademoiselle Zerr) at an hour's warning. At the end of the season, M. Gounod's 'Saffo' was produced, and proved a failure, from causes into which it is unnecessary to enter.

In 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition, Mr. Lumley was still struggling against his adverse fate. He had two charming dancers, Mesdames Ferraris and Carlotta Grisi; but all interest in dancing had died out in London. Even at the Royal Italian Opera it was abandoned, except as an adjunct to the Opera. Mr. Lumley had a long list of

singers, the most attractive of whom was Sophie Cruvelli, who was greatly admired by some and heartily abused by others. Her *Fidelio*, in which she was ably supported by Mr. Sims Reeves, created a sensation.

The last 'event' of the season occurred on the night when Mr. Balfe, the conductor, took his benefit. That eminent composer's own opera, '*Les Quatre Fils d'Aymon*,' was performed for the first time on the Italian stage under the title of '*I Quattro Fratelli*.' Already it had enjoyed much popularity in its French, English, and German forms. The work was received with favour when presented in Italian. Sophie Cruvelli, with Gardoni, Pardini, Coletti, and Massol, performed the opera in a spirited and effective manner.

Mr. Lumley entered on his campaign in 1852 with the faintest hopes of success. Uncertainties and difficulties attended on his preparations, causing the theatre to open unusually late. It was generally supposed that the theatre would not open at all. Perhaps the heaviest misfortune which befel him was the 'Wagner quarrel,' the details of which unhappy affair it will be needless to recapitulate. To this embroglio he attributed chiefly his downfall. This quarrel seriously injured not only Her Majesty's Theatre, but the Royal Italian Opera. The history of this season is a dismal one. The unexpected flight of Sophie Cruvelli was another blow to the unfortunate manager. Countless embarrassments followed each other. Actions at law menaced him on all sides, both in London and in Paris. In this crisis several noblemen and gentlemen, influential among the friends and patrons of Her Majesty's Theatre, convened a meeting of the subscribers to consider the best means of aiding the management to carry on the enterprise to the end of the season. A committee was appointed to receive subscriptions in support of the establishment, and to regulate the manner in which the sums thus raised should be disbursed. The scheme, however, although partially carried out, did not save the house. Early in the season, Mr. Lumley had con-

ceived the plan of forming an association for the purpose of carrying on the affairs of the Opera House—of organizing a joint-stock company to undertake the financial and speculative section of the directorship, while he himself continued the management. In this design he was cordially assisted by many noblemen and gentlemen, but it was found impracticable. At this juncture, Earl Dudley (then Lord Ward), was somewhat desirous of becoming director of the theatre.

At last the doors of Her Majesty's Theatre closed, not to reopen for three years. It was evident that the 'old house' had succumbed. Various plans were suggested by those interested in the establishment, but none arrived at any tangible result. The following year the 'properties' of the theatre were announced for sale, under a claim of the ground landlord, who, in 1850, had advanced on this security a sum of ten thousand pounds. To prevent the dispersion of these valuable theatrical accessories, the original cost of which had been estimated at twenty-three thousand pounds, it was arranged that they should be purchased in the names of Lord Ward and Sir Ralph Howard, upon security afforded by Mr. Lumley. Sir Ralph Howard shortly afterwards relinquished his claims to Lord Ward. At the beginning of 1853, Lord Ward was still anxious to take the management, and entered into negotiations with different singers; and directions were given that the theatre should be held ready to open at a moment's notice. Suddenly, however, he abandoned the project, in consequence of difficulties interposed by the principal creditors. His connection with the theatre had commenced in the previous year, when he had taken a decidedly prominent part in the famous committee meeting.

An action of ejectment was brought against Mr. Lumley by the ground landlord, upon the plea that a violation of the terms of the lease had been committed by the lessee. This vexatious suit was carried on through years.

Some efforts were made by the Director of Covent Garden to obtain the theatre. At one time, early in 1854, Mr. Benediet, the celebrated composer, had an idea of taking the theatre under his direction. After a few months of fruitless negotiation, he relinquished the design. Mr. E. T. Smith, lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, then came forward, but he also recoiled from the overwhelming difficulties and heavy responsibilities of the undertaking.

Fortune had smiled on the Royal Italian Opera during the season of 1852. Several new singers had appeared, the most remarkable of whom was Madame Bosio. At first this charming singer made little impression, and it was not until a sudden revelation showed the beauty of her voice and the refined nature of her talent to the opera-going public, that she gained the place in their esteem and admiration—even in their affections—which she never lost. The next season, 1853, was also successful, although the singers, with few exceptions, were only moderately distinguished. The band still continued most admirable, and had become, under its leader, Mr. Costa, one of the most famous in Europe. Mr. William Beverley was at this time scene-painter; Mr. Harris retained his position as stage manager. A profound sensation was created in 1854 by the first series of Madame Grist's many farewell performances.

In spite of the gloom cast by the war over London society, the brief season of 1855 was the most prosperous since the opening of Covent Garden Theatre as an Opera house in 1847. A terrible blow nearly ruined the director before the commencement of the season of 1856—the total destruction by fire, not only of the house itself, but of a vast quantity of valuable property which had been accumulating during nine years, the musical library, the scenery, the costumes, and other accessories of more than fifty operas. This, the great operatic event of the year, naturally created an extraordinary sensation. By many it was thought—hoped or feared, as interest dictated—that the days of

Italian Opera in London were ended. Fortunately it happened that the Lyceum Theatre was untenanted, and the director of Covent Garden was enabled to secure it as a harbour of refuge for his band, chorus, and principal artists. He made proposals for Her Majesty's Theatre, but Mr. Lumley had hurried to London from Paris, with the hope of reopening his house.

Lord Ward was desirous of bringing the affairs of Her Majesty's Theatre under his own control, although he had relinquished his idea of taking the main practical direction into his hands. He had bought up the various incumbrances which rested upon the establishment, and was now the most powerful creditor, acquiring a far larger interest in the theatre than the proprietor.

The singers engaged by Mr. Lumley were Mesdames Piccolomini, Albani, Johanna Wagner, Albertini, &c., and some excellent male singers. The dancers were Rosati, one of the most admired *'étoiles de la danse'*, and Marie Taglioni. The conductor was Signor Bonetti.

Judging by appearances, it would have seemed as if the 'old house' had completely regained its ancient prestige. The theatre was crowded every night, and there was every outward sign of prosperity. The subscribers were so pleased to find themselves within the familiar precincts of their favourite haunt, that Mr. Lumley was summoned by them to receive an outburst of applause.

The bright little star, Marietta Piccolomini, created the most singular enthusiasm—she became, in fact, 'the rage.' Once more a mania possessed the public; this time without much justification. The sprightly little Sardinian had no sound claims to be considered either an excellent singer, a fine actress, or even a beautiful woman. She was not a great artist; she was rather a clever amateur—full of fire, it is true, and determined to achieve success at any cost. However, her audiences yielded to the peculiar fascination which she exercised over them. From the time of her début, the fortunes of the theatre were assured for the season.

At both houses—at Her Majesty's and at the Lyceum—the season was unusually successful.

There was a second provisional season at the Lyceum Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Gye. The director of Her Majesty's Theatre, Mr. Lumley, still hoping to contest the field successfully with his partially disabled rival, opened his doors during 1857. It was a desperate, but far from happy effort. Nearly all the singers were new to the English public. The only one whose appearance, however, was attended with legitimate success, was Signor Giuglini. The exquisite quality of his voice, the elegance of his style, and his handsome person, despite his undoubted deficiencies as an actor, won popularity for him on the night of his début. Signor Giuglini had originally been destined for the priesthood, and had been remarkable in his boyhood and early youth as a singer in the choir of the metropolitan church of Fermo. His excellence—first as a treble, and afterwards as a tenor—attracted general notice, and many efforts were made to tempt him upon the lyrical stage. These efforts he resisted for a long time; but at length it happened that a member of the orchestra of the Fermo Theatre fell ill, when Signor Giuglini took his place at a moment's notice. Soon afterwards, the principal tenor was incapacitated by sudden illness from appearing, and Signor Giuglini replaced him. His success as Jacopo, in 'I Duc Foscari,' revealed the lovely quality of his voice to the musical judges of Fermo; and from that time he decided to renounce the church for the stage. His knowledge of music was thorough, extending even to the art of composition. The triumph of the new tenor was the chief operative event of 1857. Every other male vocalist seemed to be eclipsed by him. Mr. Lumley mentions a curious peculiarity of taste when speaking of Signor Giuglini. 'At this period,' he says, 'the principal passion of the great tenor was for making and letting off fireworks. It was one of those passions which almost amounted to a mania, and engrossed all his thoughts when

not occupied with his art. He had come to be a considerable adept in firework-making, and his enthusiasm in exhibiting his beautiful works, and his pride in success and applause, apparently equalled that which he felt in the pursuit of his musical career. A pantomimic expression of a "Catherine wheel," from a friend in a side-box, would make him sing on the stage with redoubled spirit.' Another of his fancies was for making and flying kites, formed in every variety of eccentric device. The prima donna who sang with him in 1857 was Mademoiselle Spezzia—a tall, handsome woman, with an unpleasant voice.

Mr. Lumley was anxious to revive the taste for dancing, which had died out. His preparations for the ballet were organized on a most extensive scale. Lord Ward, who claimed from his position to be considered the adviser of the director, wrote to him before the opening of the theatre—'It strikes me you have an enormous ballet. I do not know how you will place them all.'

An experiment was tried by Mr. Lumley, in the December of that year, in the shape of a winter campaign—'extra performances,' at reduced prices. The success of this experiment, in a pecuniary point of view, was beyond the director's anticipations.

Rumour declared that no new theatre would be built to replace the one destroyed by fire. It was not the first time that rumour fell into error. A theatre, new from its very foundation, was commenced, built, and opened for public performances within twenty-six months from the destruction of the old one. It was a new and magnificent edifice, raised on the ashes of the old Covent Garden Theatre. The house was opened in 1858 by Mr. Gye. There were four Opera-houses open that season—Her Majesty's Theatre, Covent Garden, Drury Lane, and the Opera Buffa at the St. James's.

The new theatre was more ample and splendid than any theatre hitherto existing in London. It was still in the hands of the decorators, carpenters, and painters, when it

opened on the 15th May. About the opening of the new theatre at the appointed time, speculation had been busy, and hundreds of pounds had changed hands on the result. The interior was found to be beautiful and commodious; the utmost care had been taken to accommodate the occupants of every part of the house. The anxiety which Mr. Gye had suffered from his desire to keep faith with the public, and his great exertions, brought on an illness which confined him to his house for weeks. The chief singers were Mesdames Grisi, Bosio, Parepa, and Nantier-Didié, MM. Mario, Tamberlik, Gardoni, Ronconi, Tagliafico.

Mr. Lumley had discovered another prize—another new singer who was destined to gain the laurel crown of a Queen of Song. This was Mademoiselle Tietjens. The season did not begin until after Easter, and therefore much depended on the success of the first night. 'Les Huguenots' was selected as the piece for this important occasion. Every nerve was strained by the Director to render this production as effective as possible; every effect that could be commanded by scenery, dresses, and general appointments, had been studied and executed with the minutest care. The singers rivalled each other in zeal. The last rehearsals excited much interest and excitement; and the curiosity of the privileged few who could obtain admission on these special occasions was highly aroused. Mademoiselle Tietjens naturally felt most anxious regarding the coming ordeal. 'How much she felt this critical position,' observes Mr. Lumley, 'was evidenced by her bursts of artistic animation and excitement at the rehearsals. As her powerful voice rang through the theatre, and excited the plaudits of all present, the latent fire of Giuglini became kindled in its turn, and, one artist vying with the other in power and passion of musical declamation, each rehearsal became a brilliant performance.' Indeed, so strongly were both artists and connoisseurs impressed with the merits of Mademoiselle Tietjens, that fears were

expressed lest she should utterly swamp the favourite tenor. These fears were groundless.

At this time the director found himself in greater difficulties than at any previous period. The nobleman who had hitherto been his friend, suddenly changed to being his most urgent creditor, refusing the slightest concession. Lord Ward pressed for three quarters' rent (4,000*l.*), and sent him notice that if the money were not immediately paid, Mr. Lumley must be prepared to give up possession of the theatre into his lordship's hands.

The opening night was encouraging. The Queen and court were present, and everything seemed bright and propitious. The two great singers were nervous, but the opera went off well. Giuglini was in ecstasies when the director told him, on the stage, that the Queen was to be present. The reception of Mademoiselle Tietjens was enthusiastic. Giuglini was resolved to exert himself to the utmost, lest he should be entirely eclipsed, so both voices were heard to the greatest possible advantage. In a very short time, Mademoiselle Tietjens fairly established herself in the favour of the frequenters of the Opera. At the end of the regular season, Mr. Lumley repeated his experiment of a series of 'cheap nights.'

At the close of the protracted season of 1858, Her Majesty's Theatre passed for ever from the hands of Benjamin Lumley.

Lord Ward had pressed him very stringently; he left the director no alternative between the immediate payment of the arrears of rent—4,000*l.*—or an immediate cession of the whole property into his lordship's hands. Nothing remained but a surrender of the lease, and the possession of the theatre into Lord Ward's hands. From the time when possession of the house was formally given up by Mr. Lumley, his connection with the theatre was entirely severed.

The first event in the operatic world in 1859 created a strange, sad excitement. News came from St. Petersburg that the charming favourite, Angiolina Bosio, was dead—

killed by over-work and an unkind climate. Perhaps no prima donna was ever more universally lamented than this graceful and refined singer, who died in the flower of her age and at the zenith of her reputation.

Although Her Majesty's Theatre was closed, there were two Italian Operas in London that year. Under the direction of Mr. E. T. Smith, Drury Lane was opened for the performance of opera. The company consisted of Mesdames Victoire Balfe, Piccolomini, Guarducci, Tietjens, MM. Giuglini, Badiali, B  lart, &c. The chief feature of this attempt was the assumption, for the first time in London, by Mademoiselle Tietjens, of the part of 'Norma.'

It was probably the success attending this effort which induced Mr. E. T. Smith, the following year—1860—to become lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre. Considerable changes and improvements were effected before the house opened. The theatre underwent a thorough renovation both internally and externally. The pit, the vestibule, the lobbies on the grand tier, and the crush rooms, were lined with mirrors, the walls were papered, the ceilings painted, the floors and stairs carpeted, the chandeliers improved, the stalls newly arranged. The singers engaged were Mesdames Alboni, Laura Baxter, Lotti della Santa, Marie Cabel, Borghi Mamo, Tietjens, MM. Mongini, Giuglini, Sebastiano Ronconi, and Gassier. The dancers were Marietta Pocchini, one of the most accomplished of living dancers, Amalia Ferraris, idol of the French and Russian capitals, Claudina Cucchi, and others.

Mr. Benedict and Signor Arditi were appointed directors of the music, composers, and conductors.

Jules Benedict, who was born at Stuttgart, 1805, came to London for the first time in 1835, chiefly at the instance of his friend Madame Malibran. Since that period he has resided almost entirely in England. From his early youth he had been accustomed to the duty of conducting an orchestra. At the age of nineteen, he was, on the recommendation of his friend Weber, engaged to conduct the German Opera at

Vienna; afterwards he transferred his services to the theatre of San Carlo, and then to the Fondo at Naples. He undertook the direction of the Opera Buffa at the Lyceum in 1836, an entertainment carried on for two seasons by Mr. Mitchell. He was subsequently musical director at Drury Lane, when Mr. Bunn was manager. He was again conductor at Drury Lane during the Italian Opera season in 1859. During 1860, he brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre an Italian version of Weber's 'Oberon,' with recitatives and additions principally selected from the composer's own works. Weber had been one of his most sincere friends. The works which Mr. Benedict has given to the world have all been more or less well received.

Luigi Arditi was born (1822) at Crescentino, a small town in Piedmont. He commenced his public career in 1843 as orchestral conductor at Vercelli. Since that time he has continued to wield the baton of a chef-d'orchestre, during a life of wonderful variety and industry. Mr. Lumley introduced him to England.

At the Royal Italian Opera, in 1860, the singers were Mesdames Nantier Didi  , Caillag, Miolan Carvalho, Penco, Rudersdorff, and MM. Tamberlik, Zelger, Tagliafico, Ronconi, Mario, Faure, and Formes. One of the most remarkable events of the season was the unexpected appearance of Mademoiselle Adelina Patti.

The new floral hall, a spacious and elegantly constructed saloon attached to Covent Garden Theatre, intended to be devoted to a variety of purposes, was opened as a promenade, after the performances in the theatre, about the middle of the season, and was so used on several nights. A grand show of flowers took place shortly after the opening, and in the evening the occupants of the boxes, stalls, and pit were allowed the right of entrance.

The 'farewell' performances of Madame Grisi formed an attraction at Covent Garden. The finest performance of the season was perhaps the production of 'Guillaume Tell.'

This work achieved then the greatest success it had ever met with in England, and for nine or ten nights drew crowded audiences,—would in all probability have continued to attract for nine nights more had not the attention of the public been suddenly diverted by the appearance of Mademoiselle Patti. This charming singer gained as veritable a triumph as her immediate predecessor on the lyric stage—Mademoiselle Tietjens—had obtained.

Mr. Mapleson made his first essay in operatic management at the Lyceum Theatre in 1861. He was in many respects well fitted for the position at which he ambitiously aimed. Signor Arditi was conductor, Mr. Calcott scene painter. The leading singers were Mademoiselle Tietjens and Signor Giuglini. Emboldened by success, he the following year undertook the direction of Her Majesty's Theatre. Although he entered upon this enterprise at the briefest possible notice, and was obliged to carry the season through in a hurried manner, his efforts were highly successful. Signor Arditi and Signor Calcott accompanied him to this enlarged sphere. Since that year, Mr. Mapleson has conducted Her Majesty's Theatre to the unqualified satisfaction of the subscribers and of the general public. His success has been all the more

highly to be appreciated as he has never had the same means at command as his rival, Mr. Gye, who had the good fortune to possess the amplest resources of any theatre in Europe. Signal efforts were made by Mr. Mapleson to restore the by-gone prestige of the ballet, but its days of glory have apparently passed away for ever. Not all the fascinations of Amalia Ferraris, nor the brilliant qualities of Mademoiselle Pocchini, nor the picturesque beauty of the divertissements, could raise the ballet to its ancient popularity.

The great incident of the season of 1863 at Her Majesty's was the production of M. Gounod's 'Faust.' The principal characters were admirably sustained, and the work created a profound interest.

It was proposed, at the close of the season of last year—1865—to unite the two rival opera-houses by means of a joint-stock company. This scheme has, however, for the present been abandoned.

The history of the successive directors of Italian opera in London must necessarily be an imperfect one. It would be impossible to close its pages otherwise than abruptly, especially at a time when the fortunes of the operatic establishments and of their rulers hang in the balance of an uncertain destiny.

E. C. C.



UP AND DOWN THE LONDON STREETS.

By MARK LEMON.

CHAPTER VI.



TEMPLE BAR, LONDON.

RECURRING to Fleet marriages, some of the extracts made by Mr. Burns from the parsons' pocket-books are worth narrating:—

'Geo. Grant and Ann Gordon bachelor and spinster, stole my clothes brush; another couple had before stole a silver spoon.'

There were fellows who acted as 'common husbands,' who for a fee married women in debt, so that they could plead a coverture; the fellows foregoing all claims upon their wives.

'John Ferren, Gent., sen., of St. Andrew's, Holborn, br., to Deborah Nolans, ditto, sp.'

The supposed John Ferren was discovered, after the ceremony, to be in person a woman—'no doubt to free Deborah from her debts, and to avoid the common husband. This trick was frequently played, sometimes for the reason named, and frequently as a joke.'

The fees were sometimes compounded for by silver buttons, worth 2s., and a ring of small value.

Lydia Collet and Richard Turner, brought by Mrs. Crooks, behaved vilely, and attempted to run away with Mrs. Crooks' ring—lent, it is

conjectured, to perform the ceremony.

'John Newsam and Ann Laycock, widow—ran away with a certificate, and left a point of wine to pay for.' No doubt a suggestion of the widow—if Mr. Weller's estimate of widows be a correct one.

One party was 'married upon tick,' and a coachman came, and was half married, and would give but 3s. 6d., and went off. On the trial of John Miller, for bigamy, it was sworn that any one might have a certificate for 2s. 6d., without any ceremony of marriage whatever. This was reducing the business to such extreme simplicity, that a new Marriage Act was passed, although Walpole wrote against it, and many of the most distinguished members of the House of Commons uttered wilder opinions than he in opposition, one declaring that 'it would shock the modesty of a young girl to have it proclaimed to the parish that she was going to be married,' and Charles Townsend declared 'it was one of the most cruel enterprises against the fair sex that ever entered the heart of man, and that, did he promote it, he should expect to have his eyes torn out by the young women of the first country town he passed through'—and all because it compelled the rich heiress and the peer's son to wait until they were of age before they could marry whom they pleased, and required Dolly to be cried three times in the parish church before she could become Mrs. Giles Jolter.

The Old Bourne, from which Holborn takes its name, broke out, says Stow, about the place where the bars do stand—now Brook Street—where Chatterton died, at Mrs. Angel's, 'a sack-maker's; in Fox Court, running out of it, the Countess of Macclesfield gave birth to Richard Savage, naming her boy after herself, for she certainly was a savage. So leaving Farringdon Street on our left for the present, ascend High Oldbourne Hill, formerly the road from the Tower and Newgate to the gallows in St. Giles, and its successor at Tyburn. Some may remember poor Polly—Macbeath's wife's—lament. 'Methinks

I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand. What volleys of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn that so comely a youth should be brought to disgrace.' No doubt, had social and not poetical justice been done on the Captain, he would, like Swift's 'Tom Clink,'

'Have stopped at the George for a bottle of sack, And promised to pay for it as he came back.'

It is narrated of an old counsellor in Holborn, that on every execution day he turned out his clerks with this compliment—'Go, ye young rogues, go to school and improve.'

On our right are the remains of Field Lane, where Mr. Fagan tutored the Artful Dodger and Charley Bates (as Wolton did years ago) in the art of picking pockets. Annexed is Saffron Hill, so named from the saffron gardens there. Nearly opposite is Shoe Lane, where formerly stood Old Bourne Hall. Here Pepys came to a cock-pit and found 'strange variety of people, from the Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower to poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not, and all these fellows, one with another, cursing and swearing,' and he soon had enough of it. Here died Samuel Boyce, the poet, from want, unable, however, to eat the roast beef brought to him because there was no ketchup. In Gunpowder Alley lived Lilly, the astrologer, who pretended to discover stolen goods, and on the site of the present Farringdon Market was the burying-ground of Shoe Lane workhouse, and there was the grave of the highly-gifted and unhappy poet Thomas Chatterton.* On the site of Wren's church stood a former St. Andrew's, of which two or three old gothic arches remain. Sir Edward Coke was married there (1598) to the Lady Elizabeth Hatton. She was young, very beautiful, and rather eccentric, and attracted the regards of Coke and Bacon. Essex

* The parish register records—'Aug. 28, 1770. — William (Thomas) Chatterton [with "the poet" added afterwards], interred in the graveyard of Shoe Lane workhouse.'

supported the suit of Bacon with all his influence; but whether the lady discovered that the great philosopher deserved the estimate given of him by a late humorous historian, who says—'The character of this Bacon was rather streaky,'—and so declined him, we know not, but she married Coke and rejected a chancellor. Bacon had a lucky escape, for Lady Hatton turned out a tartar, and Coke found that, as Douglas Jerrold has since written, 'she leaned her back against her marriage certificate and defied him.' Those who marry widows should require to have 'good characters from their previous situations,' we fancy.

Over the way was the hostel of the Bishop of Ely, with its vineyards, garden, and orchard, as the Protector Gloucester knew full well, and remembered when meditating the death of Hastings and the arrest of the Bishop: 'My Lord,' said he, merrily, 'you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holborn, I require you let me have a mess of them.'—'Gladly,' quoth the bishop, and sent for them immediately; but notwithstanding his civility Gloucester had him locked up that same morning. Many great personages occupied the Bishop's house. John of Gaunt, when driven from the Savoy by Wat Tyler's mob, lived and died there. The conspiracy which gave Protector Somerset's head to the block was hatched there. Many memorable feasts have been held in Ely Place, given by the newly-elected serjeants-at-law, and in 1531, when eleven new serjeants were made at once, they gave a feast worthy the calamity. It took five days to get through the bill of fare. Sir Christopher laid out about 6000*l.* of our money upon Ely House when he came into possession—and well he might, for Elizabeth made the original bargain for him, and agreed that he should pay only 10*l.* in money, ten loads of hay, and a red rose (afterwards increased to twenty bushels). It was to enforce this enforced bargain with Bishop Cox that Elizabeth wrote the letter remarkable for its brevity and emphasis, in which she swore a good Tudor oath to unfrock Cox:—

'PROUD PRELATE,—I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement; but I would have you to know that I who made you what you are can unmake you: and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by G—d! I will immediately unfrock you.

'Yours, as you demean yourself,
'ELIZABETH.'

Elizabeth, who seldom gave loans, and never forgave due debts, subsequently pressed the payment of a sum of 40,000*l.* arrears, which Chancellor Hatton could not meet, so that it went to his heart, and he joined his last dance—the Dance of Death.

When Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, lay there on Good Friday, 1633, a thousand persons were present to witness the stage play of Christ's Passion, being the last performance of the religious mystery in England. The chapel of St. Etheldreda, in Ely Place, and which still remains to us, was built about the 13th century, and then standing in a field planted with trees, and surrounded by a wall.

Long after Holborn had only a single row of houses on the north side, and Field Lane was only a lane, and Saffron Hill a fair meadow, with a footpath across it, bounded by Turnmill Brook, and the walls of Ely Place. Leather Lane, or Lither Lane, as it is sometimes called, was a lane leading to a field, in which stood the house of Sir William Furnivale, afterwards Furnival's Inn.

At the George and Blue Boar was intercepted Charles I.'s letter to his queen, in which Cromwell and Ireton, disguised as troopers, discovered the king's intention to destroy them. This letter is said to have brought about Charles's execution. Opposite was the Red Lion, where the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, were carried from Westminster Abbey, and next day dragged on sledges to Tyburn. 'So doth the whirligig of time bring about its revenges.'

We are at Gray's Inn Lane, now the outlet for dirty courts and dirtier inhabitants, though Pym and Hampden resided in this lane when

the ship-money question was about to make England a battle-field. Away northward is the old hostel, the Pindar of Wakefield, and Battle Bridge, so named because it once pertained to Battle Abbey. There stood a marvellous statue of George IV., made of cement and brick by a journeyman bricklayer; but that ornament of the metropolis has vanished, and might advantageously be followed by a good many other of our statues at large and in little. Gray's Inn Lane was the only place known to Dr. Willis where grew the herbs bearing a yellow flower, called the small Black Crosses of Naples, and which sprung up in such profusion among the ruins of old St. Paul's after the Great Fire.

Let us retrace our steps to Fetter Lane, or Fewter's Lane, as it was called from the idle people lying there when it was a road to the gardens by the Thames side, and to those in Old Bourn. Hobbes of Malmesbury lived here, and so did Dryden, at No. 16, it is said. For more than two centuries both ends of Fetter Lane were used as places of execution. Fetter Lane seems to have been a rival to Lombard Street, for Ben Jonson makes Fungoso say that he 'can borrow forty shillings on his gown in Fetter Lane.' Praise-god Barebones, the 'leatherseller, and his brother, Damned Barebones, lived at the corner of Fleet Street and Fetter Lane, both in the same house. A lady of rather unenviable notoriety resided at the right-hand corner of Fleur-de-lis Court, and may as well be introduced; we refer to that amiable flagellant Mrs. Brownrigg. 'She whipped two female 'prentices to death, and hid them in a coal-hole,' says Canning, parodying Southey.

Staple Inn was the *Inne* or *Hos-tell* of the merchants of the (Wool) Staple. The Holborn front is of the time of James I., and nearly one of the oldest existing specimens of street architecture. In Staples Inn Dr. Johnson wrote the 'Idler,' seated in a three-legged chair, so scantily were his chambers furnished.

Barnard's Inn was the Dean of Lincoln's house in Henry VI.'s

time, and Thaives Inn, originally the dwelling of Thaive, an armourer in Edward III.'s day. Thieves' Inn, therefore, as a derivation, is a piece of rudeness to the lawyers, who, we dare say, are not worse there than elsewhere.

Just through Holborn Bars, you had, says Stow, 'in old time a Temple built by the Templars.' This was afterwards called the Old Temple. The site was bought by the Earl of Southampton, now Southampton Buildings.

Lincoln's Inn Fields produced apples, pears, nuts, and cherries, flowers, and vegetables, and there was a walk under elm-trees where Philip and Mary walked. It was the coney garth, and well stocked with rabbits and game.

Holborn was paved at the expense of Henry V., when the highway was so deep and miry that many perils and hazards were occasioned to the king's carriages, and to those of his faithful subjects. Chancery Lane, formerly New Lane, was no better in [Henry III.'s time, when he of a Jew's house founded a House of Converts. (There have been many converts to the folly of debt in Jews' houses in our time in Chancery Lane.) Edward III. annexed the House of Converts to the office of the Master of the Rolls, and called the road thereto Chancery Lane. The great Lord Strafford was born there, and Lord William Russell inherited a house on the site of Southampton Buildings. When passing this house on the day of his execution, the fortitude of the martyr forsook him for a moment, but, overmastering his emotion, he said, 'The bitterness of death is now passed.' From this house several of Lady Rachel's letters are dated.

Honest old Izaak Walton, that benevolent torturer of fish and live-bait, lived in Chancery Lane, as did the Lord Keeper Guilford, who, objecting to have the contents of the cesspools pumped out into the street, procured the proper drainage of the same, and made it the respectable place it is considered to be by the profession. Jacob Tonson, before he removed to Gray's Inn, had his shop at the Judge's Head, near

the Fleet Street end of Chancery Lane. In Cursitor Street was Lord Eldon's 'first perch,' as he says, 'and often thence ran down to Fleet Market with sixpence in his hand to buy sprats for supper.' He found better fare from the Courts in that neighbourhood in after years. Two or three *removes*, and plenty of Cabinet pudding. Erskine, when he was Chancellor, was asked by an old lady if 'the Esquimaux really lived upon seals?' 'Oh, yes,' said Erskine, 'and very good living they make, if you only *keep them* long enough.' Until the widening of the Fleet Street end, a fine example of an old London House stood at the corner of Chancery Lane.

Temple Bar divides London and Westminster, and marks the boundary of the city and the shire. In Shire Lane was the celebrated Kit-cat Club, so named from certain pies—not a very pleasant association, I must say.

For kit-cat wits first sprang from kit-cat pies.

The Club consisted of thirty-nine noblemen and gentlemen attached to the House of Hanover; and the pies referred to really derived their name from no feline construction, but from Christopher Katt, the maker of them, and who lived near the tavern in King Street, Westminster. Pope or Arbuthnot has said that the Club was named—when it became the custom to toast ladies after dinner—from the old cats and the young kits, whose names were engraved on the members' glasses.

Jacob Tonson, the celebrated bookseller, was the secretary, and had the portraits of the members painted all of the same size, to suit the room. Hence the term 'Kit-cat size' for certain canvas. The portraits are, we believe, still preserved. The Tatler's Trumpet tavern was also in Shire Lane.

The bar consisted formerly of a post and rails, a chain and a barre, and were repainted and newly hung at the coronation of Queen Mary. The bar gave place to a house of timber across the street, with a narrow gateway beneath, and was destroyed after the Great Fire. The present bar was built by Wren, and

the old oak gates still remain. These gates were formerly closed at night, and on occasions of tumults or royal visits to the city. Elizabeth had to ask for admission when on her way to St. Paul's after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. So had Fairfax and Cromwell when on their way to dine in the City; and Queen Anne had to send in her card after Marlborough's victory. Our own gracious Queen, on her accession, and when the Royal Exchange was opened, recognised the civic right of knocker. Above the centre of the pediment the heads and limbs of persons executed for high treason were placed on iron spikes, and 'people made a trade of letting spying glasses at a penny a look' (Walpole), to those desirous of seeing them. And there those grim mementoes remained until blown down by the wind—some, like Counsellor Laver's, having been there for thirty years. The remains of the spikes were removed within our recollection.

Let us return to the old Fleet river (navigable in Henry VII.'s time up to Holborn bridge, but now carried through a huge iron pipe), and then take our way up Fleet Street, one of the most ancient thoroughfares of London. Before the Great Fire the street was badly paved (and so continued long after), and the houses, mostly of timber, were built higgledy-piggledy—the shops dark sheds, with overhanging pent-houses beneath, where the traders and their 'prentices stood to solicit custom by calling out to every passer-by, 'What do you lack, gentles? What do you lack?' The space for foot passengers was defended by rails and posts, and the latter served for the exhibition of the performances at the theatres, and other matters requiring publicity. Hence the word 'posting-bill.'

Bridewell, long the terror of refractory London 'prentices, the idle, and the abandoned, was a king's palace before the Conquest, and said to have been partly of Roman construction. Most of our Norman kings held their court there, and when it was rebuilt, Henry I. gave

the stone for that purpose. The name is derived from St. Bridget, and her holy well, now represented by an iron pump in Bride Lane, a favourite promenade of blacklegs and other 'upright' men of the present day. The palace afterwards came into the possession of Cardinal Wolsey, and there Cardinal Compegius was brought, with numbers of King Henry's nobility, to hear the royal speech on his Majesty's marriage with Katherine of Arragon. And there the heads of the religious houses in England were summoned when Henry determined upon their suppression. After Wolsey's disgrace the palace reverted to the Crown, but Henry, from some unpleasant connubial recollection, we presume, allowed it to fall into decay. After the suppression of the religious houses, and Edward VI. had succeeded his many-wived father, Bishop Ridley, in a sermon which he preached before the king, begged the 'wide large empty house' as a poor-house and house of correction. And Edward

'Gave this Bridewell, a palace in old times,
For a chastening-house of vagrant crimes.'

So runs the legend beneath his portrait in the chapel; and Fuller quaintly says, 'The house of correction is the fittest hospital for those cripples who are lame through their own laziness,' and thinks the king was as truly charitable in granting Bridewell for the punishment of sturdy rogues, as in granting St. Thomas's Hospital for the relief of the poor. The Great Fire entirely destroyed Bridewell, and it was afterwards rebuilt, with its principal front to the Fleet river. The old hall still remains, and contains a picture by Holbein of Edward presenting the charter of the hospital to the Lord Mayor and citizens. Hogarth, in the fourth plate of his 'Harlot's Progress,' has preserved to us its former condition. Women and men are beating hemp, and an idle apprentice is in the stocks. The floggings took place in the presence of the court of governors, and were continued until the president struck his hammer on the table, and 'knock, good sir, knock,' was the common cry of those under

flagellation. A certain Madam Cresswell, infamously celebrated in the plays of Charles II.'s time, died in Bridewell, and bequeathed *vol.* to have a sermon preached, in which nothing but what was *well* of her should be said. The sermon is said to have been written by the Duke of Buckingham, and we shall preach it to you. 'All I shall say of her is this, she was born *well*, she married *well*, she lived *well*, and she died *well*,—for she was born at Shadwell,—married to Cresswell,—she lived at Clerkenwell,—and died in Bridewell.'

The first church of St. Bridget, or St. Bride, was destroyed in the Great Fire, one relic only being preserved in the present building—the arch to a vault on your right as you enter. In Bride's churchyard Milton lodged when he married Mary Powell, and before his removal to his quiet garden-house in Aldersgate Street, because there were few streets in London more free from noise than Aldersgate Street. In Bride Lane is Cogers' Hall, where the Cogers have met since 1757; and the corner of Bride Court is one of the town residences of our distinguished friend Mr. Punch, and close by the office of 'London Society.' Opposite Shoe Lane stood the famous Fleet Street Conduit, which had angels with sweet sounding bells before them, and they, divers hours of the day and night, with hammers chimed such hymns as were appointed. St. Dunstan's clock, with its two savages who struck the quarters upon two bells, was long a London wonder, and the pavement in front was a fine harvest-ground for pickpockets. The clock is now at Lord Hertford's in the Regent's Park.

Let us retrace the street into Salisbury Court, once the residence of the Bishop of Salisbury, then of the Sackvilles, whence Sackville House, and Dorset Street, where formerly stood a theatre, being the seventeenth stage or common playhouse made within threescore years in London and its suburbs, destroyed in the Great Fire. Sir C. Wren built for Davenant the Duke's Theatre, opened in 1671, where

Betterton played. It was close to the silent highway, and the City gas works now occupy its site. Richardson wrote 'Pamela' in Salisbury Square; and there, in Richardson's printing-office, Goldsmith acted as a reader about the time when Hogarth and Dr. Johnson visited the author-printer. John Dryden and Shadwell resided in Salisbury Court, and, in Dorset Court, John Locke.

Alsatia, as it was called (1608), extended from Water Lane to the Temple walls, and from the Thames to Fleet Street. It was the resort of fraudulent debtors, violators of the law, and abandoned women, who spoke a cant language, and boldly resisted the execution of every legal process. They were governed by laws of their own, presided over by some Duke Hildebrand, to whom they paid garnish and swore allegiance.

As Scott has it—

'From the touch of the tip,
From the blight of the warrant,
From the watchman who skip
On the Harman beek's warrant,
I charm thee from all.
Thy freedom's complete
As a blade of the Huff,
To be cheated and cheat,
To be cuff'd and to cuff,
To stride, swear, and swagger,
To drink till you stagger,
And to brandish your dagger;
To eke out your living
By wag of your elbow,
By fultum and gourd,
And by baring of bilboe,
To live by your shifts, and to swear
By your honour,
Are some of the gifts
Of which I am the donor.'

The Ducal Exchequer might have been in Lombard Street, for it had its Lombard Street with its three balls. One of the houses there was old enough, when we first knew it, to have been *Trapbois'* dwelling-place, and within its crazy walls (until the next house fell down), many, many numbers of 'Punch' were prepared for the press, and afterwards printed on the site of Shadwell's Alsatian Tavern, 'The George,' now the printing-offices of our excellent friends, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. Mitre Court was also a sanctuary, and here, at the 'Mitre Tavern,' as everybody knows,

Johnson drank his bottle of port and kept late hours, and here Boswell and he planned their tour to the Hebrides. The last of Dr. Johnson's Mitre friends—Mr. Chamberlain Clarke—died in 1831, aged ninety-two. Opposite Mitre Court was hanged Sarah Malcolm, a washerwoman in Temple, for no fewer than three murders, and the MS. of her confession sold for 20*l*. Over the way is Bolt Court, where Dr. Johnson lived and died, after leaving Gough Square, where he lost his beloved wife Letty. Behind his lodging was a garden, which he took delight in watering, and the whole of the two pair of stairs floor was made a repository for his books, one of the rooms thereon being his study. Dr. Johnson never suffered a lady to walk from his house to her carriage unattended by himself, and his appearance in Fleet Street always attracted a crowd, and afforded no small diversion. Johnson's fondness for tea is well known, but we have never seen a record of the number of cups he could drink. The grandmother of a lady with whom we are intimately connected once poured out for him seventeen cups; the cups were small china ones, we presume, and the Bohea was 3*s*. a pound. Ferguson, the astronomer, died at No. 4.

The Bolt-in-Tun, an old inn in Fleet Street, mentioned in 1443, as pertaining to the Whitefriars, was related in some way to Bolt Court, we presume. In Wine-office Court, opposite, Goldsmith lived, and there began the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'

Ram Alley, opposite Fetter Lane, was long famous for its taverns and cookshops; and was also a sanctuary. It is now called Hare Court.

In Fleet Street was the second or third coffee-house opened in London, and was kept by Farr, a barber. It was presented by the parish inquest for selling 'a sort of liquor called coffee, which was a great nuisance and prejudice,' we suppose, to the other drinking-houses. The first coffee-house in England was at Oxford, opened by Jacobs, a Jew; and the first in London was in George Yard, Lombard Street, kept by one Parquet, a Greek. Coffee-

houses were suppressed by proclamation in 1675, but the order was revoked the next year.

The Rainbow, upon the site of Child's Place, was the Devil Tavern (the sign being the legend of St. Dunstan pulling his bad eminence's

nose), where Ben Jonson and his boon companions held many a liberal meeting. Over the door of one of the chambers was inscribed:—

'Welcome all who lead or follow
To the oracle of Apollo.'

And within this was the penetralia



'THE HARROW,' an old Inn in Fleet Street (corner of Chancery Lane), adjoining the residence of Isaac Walton.

—in after years degradingly called the club-room. It was afterwards fitted with a music gallery, although the 24th rule of the Apollo Club, translated, ran thus:—

'Let no saucy fiddler dare to intrude
Unless he is sent for to vary our bliss.'

In *Marmion's 'Fine Companion'* (1633), acted before the king and queen at Whitehall, and at the theatre in Salisbury Court, we have the following description of a meeting at the Apollo.

CARELESS. I am full
Of oracles. I am come from Apollo.

EMILIA. From Apollo!

CARELESS. From the heaven
Of my delight, where the boon Delphic god
Drinks sack, and keeps his bacchanalia;

And has his incense and his altars smoking,
And speaks in sparkling prophecies; thence I
came.

My brain's perfumed with the rich Indian vapour,
And heightened with conceits. From tempting
beauties,

From dainty music and poetic strains,
From bowls of music and ambrosiac dishes; —
From witty variety, fine companions,
And from a mighty continent of pleasure,
Sails thy brave Careless.

Old Simon Wadloe, 'the King of Skinkers,' who kept the Devil Tavern, was the original of Squire Western's favourite air, 'Sir Simon the King.'

John Cottington, *alias* Mull Sack, the famous highwayman, who had the honour of picking Cromwell's pocket and robbing Charles II.,

when in exile at Cologne, of 1500*l.* worth of plate, was a frequenter of the Devil Tavern, and passed for a gentleman. He was hanged at Tyburn for murder. From the days of Ben Jonson to those of Samuel, the Devil Tavern was the resort of Pope, Swift, Addison, Gurrh, and other literary giants.

The Fleet Street bankers are among the oldest in London. (Stone and Martin are said to be successors to Sir Thomas Gresham.) Richard Blanchard and Francis Child first made banking a business, and had running cashes in Charles II.'s time (according to Mr. Cunningham, to whose researches we have been frequently indebted). Mr. Blanchard's account for the sale of Dunkirk to the French are among the records of the house. Blanchard was ruined by the shutting up of the Exchequer, when the king owed the goldsmiths nearly a million and a half of money. The old sign of the house—the Marygold—is still preserved.

James Hoare, at the Golden Bottle—the old Leathern Bottle—was a goldsmith, with a running cash, 1667; and Goslings kept shop at the Three Squirrels, over against St. Dunstan's, 1673-4.

Before this, the London merchants had been accustomed to deposit their money in the Tower, in the care of the Mint Master; but Charles I. borrowed 200,000*l.* of these moneys without asking the owners to lend it. So no more money found its way to the Mint for security, you may be sure, and merchants confided their surplus cash to the care of their clerks and confidential servants—such was the terrible state of insecurity before the civil war. When that broke out, clerks and apprentices joined the King or Parliament, in many cases forgetting to leave their master's deposits, therefore, the merchants began to place their cash in the hands of the goldsmiths, who gave receipts for the moneys, and these, passing from hand to hand, became virtually bank notes.*

* The Bank of England was projected by a merchant named William Paterson, and

The goldsmiths had thus large funds at their disposal, which they lent to Cromwell on the security of the public credit. So here we have the beginning of a national debt, and all the main features of modern banking.*

Before we leave Fleet Street for the Temple, let us take a parting look down the old thoroughfares, and recal some of the familiar ghosts of men and things which can never cease to haunt it. Every November the 17th, in Charles II.'s reign, in Fleet Street, was burned the effigy of the Pope—the torchlight procession starting from Moorfields to the Temple Gate. After the expulsion of James, the anti-popish mummery was transferred to November 5th. In Fleet Street were the earliest printing offices,† and the stationery mart for books; and here the old printer Wynkyn de Worde lived, at the sign of the Sunne. Edmund Curll, the bookseller, and Lawler Gulliver, were there also. Jacob Robinson kept shop down Inner Temple Lane, and there Pope and Warburton first met. Puppets and nine days' wonders found a home in Fleet Street, and Mrs. Salmon's wax-work was a marvel in its days. No doubt it had its Chambers of Horrors, its Moll Cutpurse, who robbed General Fairfax on Hounslow Heath, and Tyburn and St. Giles' heroes. Mrs. Salmon first lived in Aldergate, the sign of her fishy namesake only in gold—it being impossible, said Mr. Spectator, 'for the ingenious Mrs. Salmon to have lived at the sign of the Trout.' There was a song of the style which used to be called humorous, and in which the lady's name is preserved, by an

incorporated 1694, in consideration of the capital, 1,200,000*l.* being lent to the Government at 8 per cent. When first established the Bank notes were at 20 per cent. discount, and as late as 1754 they were under par.

* In one of the old Bartlemy fairs Goldsmiths' Hall is called the Milch Cow of the State, as it was the Parliamentary exchequer, and there the women of the Commonwealth sent their jewels and trinkets to aid the fund for payment of the army.

† See Charles Knight's 'Old Booksellers.'

Irishman who was not to be deceived.

'Says I, Mrs. Salmon,
Come, none of your gammon,
Your status are no more alive than yourself.'

Mrs. Salmon removed to Fleet Street, and when at the age of ninety her exhibition passed to Surgeon Clarke, the wax-work finally dissolving about 1820.

In the year 1118, Hugh de Payens, the head of the Knight Templars, came to England to extend the influence of his order. The Templars called themselves the poor fellow-

soldiers of Jesus Christ, and were banded together to protect the Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem—then recently recovered from the Saracens. Hugh de Payens, the first master of the order, set out with four knights only, and returned to Palestine with three hundred, chosen from the best families of England and France, so that the days were at an end when—as shown in the seal of the Templars—two knights were compelled to ride one horse. Numerous Templar establishments arose in England, and the one erected in Holborn, on



OLD ST. DUNSTON'S CHURCH, FLEET STREET. LONDON, 1629.

the site of Southampton House, was called the Old Temple; when the one in Fleet Street was built and named the New Temple. The Knights Templars became immensely rich, and their wealth proved their ruin. Edward I. and Edward II. had both been nibbling at their possessions, and Phillip the Fair of France robbed and persecuted them. By one decree fifty-four were burnt in Paris in the most barbarous manner. In 1208, the Templars in England were arrested and their property seized; and so persecuted were they, that one

Peter Anger, a favourite valet of the king, had to carry his Majesty's warrant to wear a long beard, and so declare he was not a Knight of the Temple.

We will not dwell upon the cruel story, nor on the beautiful Temple Church, worth a day's talk, but speak of the Temple as an inn of Court, and some of the memorable associations connected with it. An inn—as no doubt you know—signified a mansion, and not simply a tavern.

'Now whereas Phoebus with his fiery wave
Unto his inn began to draw apace.'

sings Spenser. The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem—who, by the influence of the Pope had become residuary legatees of the Knights Templars—gave the Outer, Inner, and Middle Temple to certain law students who had had a temporary residence at Thavies Inn, in Holborn. Henry III. suppressed the other law schools in the old city: and so in the Temple with its beautiful gardens, and (says Fortescue) 'out of the city and the noise thereof, and in the suburbs of London, between the City and Westminster, the practisers of the law lived in peace and quiet—imparting learning to the noblest of the land, and encouraging them also to dance, to sing, and to play on instruments on *ferial* days, and to study divinity on the festivals.'

In the last year of Henry V.'s reign, only threescore gentlemen of blood and perfect descent were students there. In a few years the number of law students greatly increased, and Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn were added to the Inner and Middle Temple. There were also ten Inns of Chancery, of which Clifford's Inn only remains. During the rebellion of Wat Tyler, the Temple was invaded by the mob, and most of the books and records destroyed. The division of the Inn into the Inner and Middle Temple then took place.

Whenever there was a riot in former times, the mob always began with the lawyers. Jack Cade's friend Dick, you remember, proposes, 'The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.' 'Nay, that I mean to do,' says Cade. 'Is it not a lamentable thing that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment being scribbled o'er should undo a man? Now go, some pull down the Savoy, others to the Inns of Court; down with them all!' And well was the demagogue obeyed. The Temple libraries were burned, the students and practisers murdered and ill-treated. The mob, no doubt, had good reason to hate the lawyers as vendors of the 'commodity of justice,' and of which they might have been the unwilling purchasers; or

some might perhaps have translated the Horse and Lamb over the Temple gates as the epigrammatist did years after:

'As by the Temple gates you go,
The Horse and Lamb displayed
In emblematic figures show
The merits of their trade.

'It's all a trick, these are all shams,
By which they mean to cheat you;
But have a care, you are the lambs,
And they the wolves that eat you.

'Nor let the thought of no delay
To these their courts misguide you;
'Tis yours the showy horse, and they
The jockeys that will ride you.'

The beautiful Temple Gardens were long the favourite lounge of some of our most distinguished men, and here Shakspeare has laid the origin of the factions of the Red and White Roses—

'In signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Poole
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.'

1 Hen. 4, Act 2, Scene 4.

Here hung the leaden coffin of Mandeville, the excommunicated Constable of the Tower, until his burial beneath the porch of the Temple Church. And here, in later times, have walked and talked the cruel Jefferies, Wycherley, Evelyn, the judicious Hooker, Blackstone, Thurlow, Eldon, Cowper, Johnson, Goldsmith, Curran, Tenterden—others whose names the world will not willingly let die.

On the site of the present Inner Temple Hall stood an older one, of Edward III.'s time; and good cheer was to be found there at Christmas tide, Halloweve, Candlemas, and Ascension Day. The Queen's privy council were the guests; and once upon a time King Charles came there in his barge from Whitehall. There was once a great scaffold in the hall, on which was enacted 'Ferrex and Porrex,' probably the most ancient tragedy in the English language, and certainly the most stupid. After another play, one of the barristers sang a song to the judges and benchers, who, escorted by the Master of the Revels or the Lord of Misrule, led the dance round the sea-coal fire in the hall, until the younger ones tired

them down, as it was said or sung of Lord Chancellor Hatton:—

'Full oft within the spacious halls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
The seal and mace they danced before him.'

The Christmases lasted several days, and carols were decently performed, and minstraylsie after a breakfast of brawn, mustard, and malmsey. In 1794, nine hundred pairs of small dice were found which had dropped through the chinks of the boards.—So perhaps the Devil's Own for the Templars was not once a misnomer.

The Lord Mayor, so says Mr. Pepys, once met with rough usage there, and because he would carry his sword up, the students pulled it down, shut up the Majesty of the City in a counsellor's chamber, from which he escaped by stealth—for the honour of the City—with his sword up.

The present hall of the Middle Temple took ten years in building. Its carved screen and music gallery, the old arms and armour, the raised dais, the massive oaken tables, are all of the past, and carry the imagi-

nation back to that time when John Manningham wrote thus in his little Table Book:—"Feb. 2, 1601. At our feast we had a play called 'Twelfth Night; or, What you Will,' much like the 'Comedy of Errors; or, Menecmis in Plautus;' but most like and neerer to that in Italian called *Inganni*." Yes, the actual roof, says Charles Knight, under which the happy company of benchers, barristers, and students listened to that joyous and exhilarating play, full of the truest and most beautiful humanities, fitted for a season of cordial mirthfulness—exists, and it is pleasant to know that there is one locality remaining where a play of Shakspeare was listened to by his contemporaries—and that play 'Twelfth Night.'

Yes, Mr. Knight! it is very pleasant to walk in that stately hall and remember this;—and pleasant also to recal the masques and merry-makings, and the glad Christmas feasts, believing that such festivals often bring estranged friends together, and make many a weary heart lighter for the interchange of kindly greetings and honest hospitalities.

UNREQUITED.

A REPLY.*

HE passes by, with cold and heartless gaze,
And I must brave it—ay, and smile beneath
The casual look or word on me that fall,
As snowflakes from a May-day wreath.

And yet no word of mine shall ever break
The silence that between our hearts must lie.
I love him—yet he knows not—never shall;
No look shall tell him, till I die!

I see him yonder, basking in the smiles
Of one whose radiant brow and artful ways
Have all enthralled him. Doth she love as I?—
No! with his heart she merely plays.

* See 'London Society' for May, page 416.

Oh! I could bear it all, did I but know
That love, true, faithful, lay within her heart
So he might never feel, as I have felt,
Hope slowly, hour by hour, depart.

Oh! masters of our hearts, ye little know
What faith and love ye pass unheeded by;
Or leave for lighter words, or brighter smiles,
Without a thought—without a sigh!

E. M.

'TIS THE HEART THAT GIVES VALUE TO WORDS.

SOMEbody wrote me a sweet little note,
The paper was Moinier's, the writing was fair,
Shall I here tell you what somebody wrote?
No; let the muse keep the secret from air:
But this was the motto the seal had to show,
This—*C'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.*

Somebody walked with me, light was her tread
Over the beautiful sunshiny wold:
Shall I here tell you what somebody said?
The sunlight has faded, the words have grown cold.
Do you believe in the motto or no?
C'est, c'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.

Somebody sang me a dear little song,
Full of all tender, unspeakable things—
Shall I repeat them? No, ever so long
They have flown off on the swiftest of wings;
And the nest they deserted is white with the snow,
Ah! c'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.

Shall I with censure link somebody's name
For the note and the walk and the fly-away birds?
No—the dear creature was never to blame,
She had no heart to give value to words.
Sweetly as Hybla her accents may flow—
Mais, c'est le cœur qui fait valoir les mots.

Per

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END OF VOL. IX.

